

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

1—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

2—JIMMY SNUKA

3-RAY STEVENS

4—PEDRO MORALES

5—COWBOY BOB ORTON

6-IVAN PUTSKI

7—PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE

8-ROCKY JOHNSON

9-JOHN STUDD

10-MAGNIFICENT MURACO

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL

1-OTTO WANZ

2—HULK HOGAN

3—KEN PATERA

4-RICK MARTEL

5-MAD DOG VACHON

S DADON WON DAGON

6—BARON VON RASCHKE

7—BOBBY DUNCUM 8—CRUSHER BLACKWELL

9—GREG GAGNE

10-TED DIBIASE

MOST POPULAR

1—ANDRE THE GIANT

2-RODDY PIPER

3—DUSTY RHODES

4—TOMMY RICH

5—HULK HOGAN

6-BOB BACKLUND

7—JUNKYARD DOG

8-RICK MARTEL

9-WAHOO McDANIEL

10-ROCKY JOHNSON



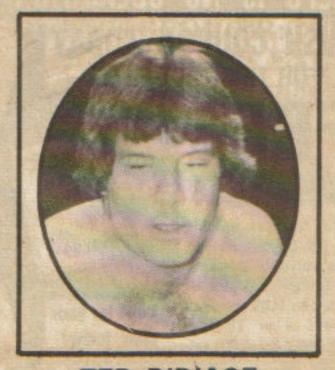
ROCKY JOHNSON



OTTO WANZ



HARLEY RACE



TED DIBIASE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: RIC FLAIR

1-WAHOO McDANIEL

2-MASKED SUPERSTAR

3—PAUL JONES

4—HARLEY RACE

5—JIM GARVIN

6-KEVIN SULLIVAN

7—DUSTY RHODES

8-TOMMY RICH

9—BRUISER

10-RODDY PIPER

TAG TEAMS

1-MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO

2—SGT. SLAUGHTER & DON KERNODLE

3-GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL

4—THE SAMOANS

5—SWEET BROWN SUGAR & BUTCH REED

6—JAY & JULES STRONGBOW

7—GINO HERNANDEZ & TULLY BLANCHARD

8-RICK STEAMBOAT & JAY YOUNGBLOOD

9—KEN PATERA & BOBBY DUNCUM

10-RICK MORTON & KEN LUCAS

MOST HATED

1—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

2-RIC FLAIR

3-TED DIBIASE

4-RAY STEVENS

5—BUZZ SAWYER

6-JOHN STUDD

7-NICK BOCKWINKEL

8-GREAT KAMALA

9—SGT. SLAUGHTER

10—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER

THE -

CORRESPONDENTS

Larry Cohen
Chicago, III.
Warren Knowles
Seattle, Wash.
Allison Corey

New York, N.Y.

Andre Camus

Montreal, Canada

Buddy Ford

St. Louis, Mo.

Masanori Murikami Tokyo, Japan

Andy Rankowski Portland, Ore.

Myron Roth Miami, Fla.

Clifford Douglas

Denver, Colo.

Kevin McCloud

Boston, Mass.

Leroy Jackson

Detroit, Mich.

Danny Torres Los Angeles, Ca.

B.W. Foreman Atlanta, Ga.

Paul Dreiser Pittsburgh, Pa. Carl Salinger Richmond, Va.

Geoffrey York Toronto, Canada

Charles F. Amberson St. Paul, Minn.

Cedric Coleridge Sydney, Australia

George Hawkins Bangor, Me.

Ed Remington Indianapolis, Ind.

Diane Goh Honolulu, Hi.

James Washington Houston, Tex.

> John West Baltimore, Md.

Ellen Larsen Charlotte, N.C.

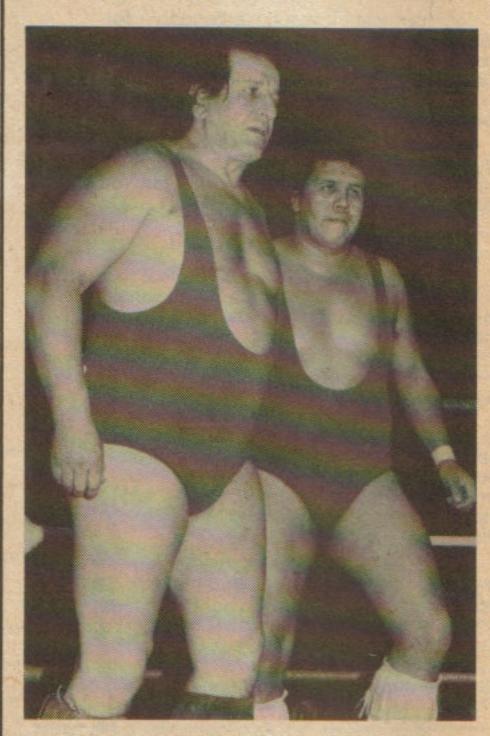
Butch Gallagher San Francisco, Ca.

Virginia W. Sloan Amarillo, Tex.

> Randy Swift Memphis, Tenn.

Barry Simon Tampa, Fla. A Strongbows have done it again, but this time there's no doubt or controversy; Chief Jay and Jules Strongbow are the new WWF tag team champions.

In a televised match, Chief Jay Strongbow cleanly pinned Mr. Saito in the center of the



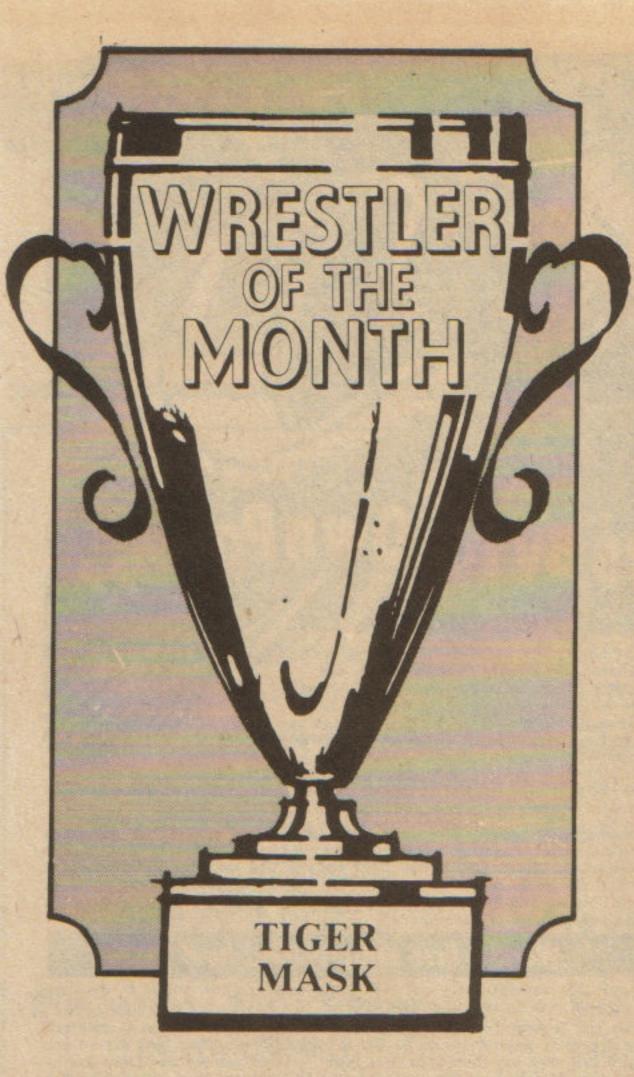
CHIEF JAY & JULES STRONGBOW

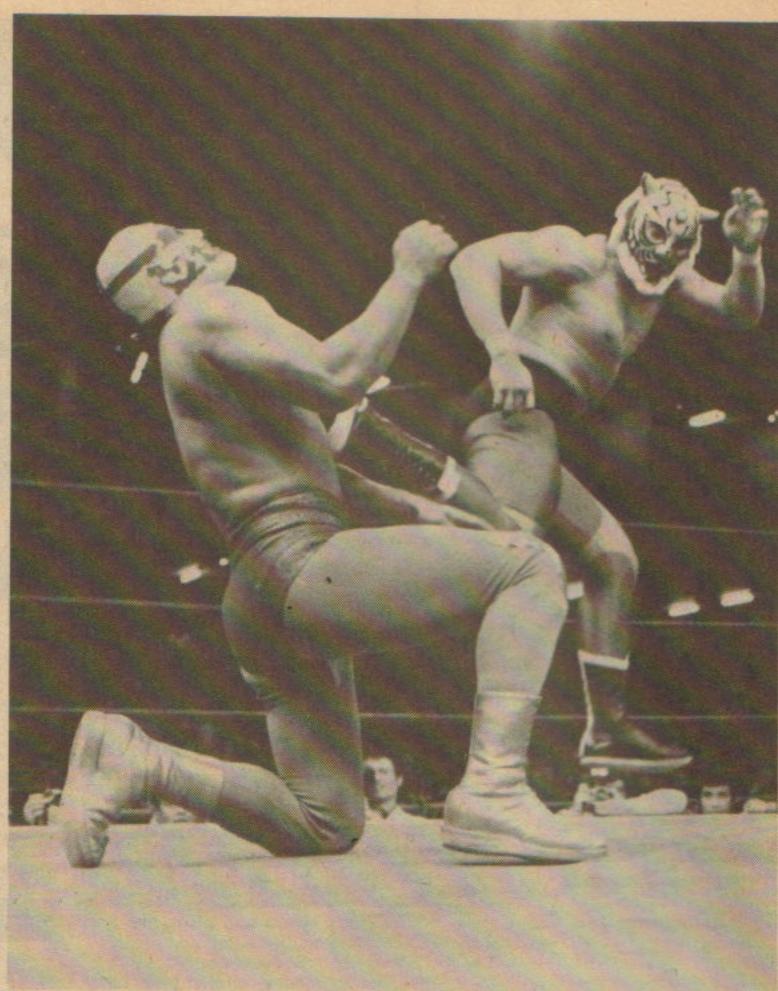
ring. The referee made the three count, and a new pair of champions was crowned.

The match was a one-fall, no time-limit championship match.

(Continued on page 48)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!





THE COMPETITION IN wrestling for any given title is always fierce. For every single champion, there are dozens and dozens of men scrambling to sign for a title match with that man. The ability to win a major championship is surpassed only by the will and stamina to maintain that title for a considerable period of time.

One of the most remarkable champions in the sport today defends not one, but two wrestling titles: the NWA junior heavyweight championship and the WWF junior heavyweight championship.

For building up an astonishing record in defense of these two titles, as well as displaying peerless skills in the ring, February's Wrestler of the Month award goes to Tiger Mask.

"Tiger Mask is simply one of the most incredible wrestlers in the world today," said Associate Editor Steve Farhood. "He has this

one maneuver where he flings his opponent into the turnbuckle. He runs at him as if he is going to deliver a dropkick, but then when his feet make contact with the man's chest, he pushes off with his legs, does a spectacular backflip, and lands on his feet ready for further action. His opponent is stunned, but Tiger Mask is on the offensive and ready for anything. He's amazing, he's truly as agile as a cat."

Such a maneuver is merely one of the literally hundreds of flamboyant moves in Tiger Mask's repertoire. His style is accented not only by high-flying aerial maneuvers in the manner of Mil Mascaras but also by lightning-fast spins and kicks that are normally the hallmark of a championship kick boxer.

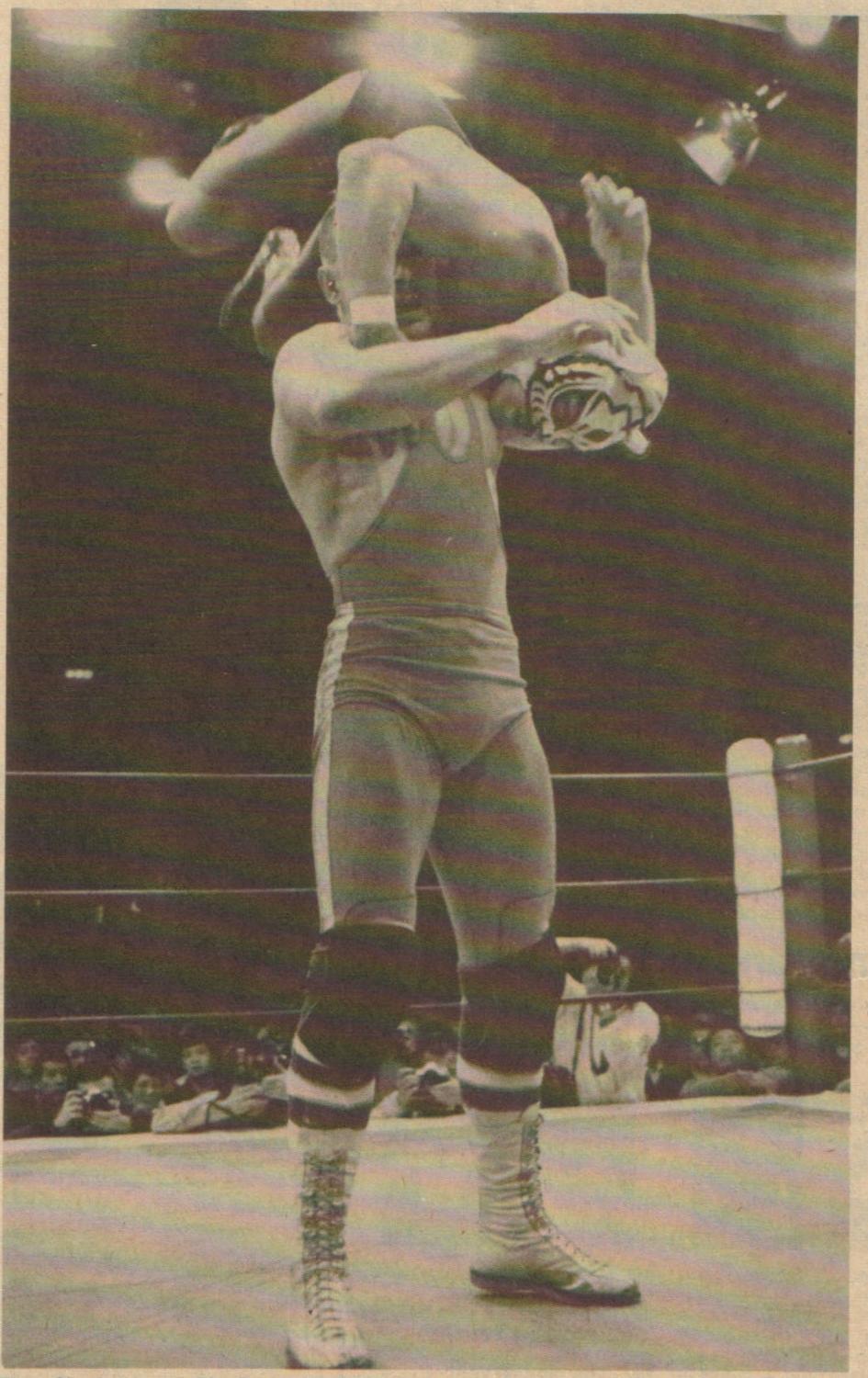
Tiger Mask currently maintains one of the most grueling schedules of anyone in professional (Continued on page 12)

Tiger Mask stuns Dos Caras with a backkick to the midsection (above). The WWF and NWA junior heavyweight champion poses regally before his Madison Square Garden debut against The Dynamite Kid in September (below).



WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 10)



Tiger Mask thwarts The Dynamite Kid's attempted bodyslam with a counter only he is capable of performing. As Tiger Mask is lifted into the air, he pushes off the Kid's shoulders, springing out of his grasp, and landing behind him on his feet.

wrestling. His NWA and WWF title defenses take him to all corners of the globe and he is constantly faced with the most difficult task of defending both these titles on a regular basis.

"He is phenomenal, I'll say that much for him," says Les Thornton, the man who was defeated by Tiger Mask for the NWA junior heavy-weight belt. "He is very quick, very agile, and he's got moves that nobody else in wrestling could even begin to learn. He combines so many disciplines when he wrestles: pure scientific wrestling, kick

boxing, karate, kung fu, and gymnastics. It's that combination that makes him a very difficult man to defeat because you never know which field he's going to draw from next for a maneuver. You can set yourself up to defend against karate kicks and he turns around and lays some pure wrestling on you. He's really a remarkable athlete."

In the WWF, the former junior heavyweight titlist is Tatsumi Fujinami. He vacated the title so that he could move up to heavyweight competition. A tournament was held in Japan to replace him, and Tiger Mask worked his way through a field of rough competitors to capture the title.

Although Tiger Mask has made a few appearances in the United States, most of his title defenses take place in his native Japan.

"I don't think it is too much to ask challengers to come to Japan," he said. "After all, part of being a challenger is to go where the action is, and part of being champion is to wrestle for the people who made you champion in the first place. The fans in Japan have been very good to me. They support me, and I feel I owe it to them to wrestle there as much as possible. I would like to spend more time in the United States, but that all depends on my schedule. Right now I can only wrestle in the U.S. once in a while. Hopefully, I will be able to wrestle there more often. The fans there are very good to me."

For any fan who has seen Tiger Mask in action, it is an experience not to be easily forgotten. For any fan who has the opportunity to see him wrestle, we strongly recommend you do: He is truly one in a million.

Congratulations to Tiger Mask,

Sports Review Wrestling's

Wrestler of the Month for

February.

No one knows wrestling better than the fans. Because of this, we're now

giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!

THE QUESTION:

"In light of the recent events concerning Captain Lou Albano and Jimmy 'Superfly' Snuka, do you think managers are a necessary part of wrestling?"

THE ANSWERS:

Phil Martin, Detroit: "I feel that a manager can be a help to any wrestler, but he's got to be the kind of a man who isn't going to cheat the man he is managing. Obviously, all Albano was out to do was embezzle as much money from the Superfly as possible. He wasn't really interested in making him a better and more efficient wrestler."

Rich Anderson, Lawrence, NY: "Not really. Managers can be good for a wrestler as far as handling the details of setting up a match, handling the financial end of a wrestler's career, and so forth. But all of these things can be done by people who aren't wrestling managers. They can be done by outside agents and lawyers. Almost all the managers in wrestling cause nothing but trouble."

(Continued on page 54)



The violent separation of Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka and Captain Lou Albano raises some very interesting questions concerning manager-wrestler relationships. Should wrestlers even have managers at all? Our respondents were split on this issue.

TOP WHESTER KOURIQUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS Sports Review Wrestling Box 48 Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

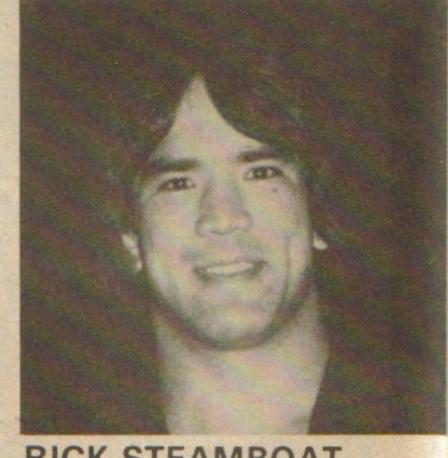
The "Question of the Month" is: "What was the greatest match of your career?"

Submitted by: Will McCoy, Hamilton, **New York**



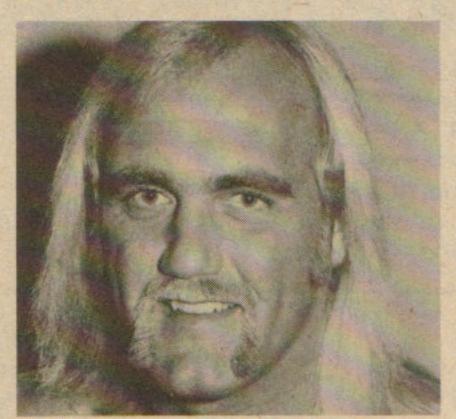
BOB BACKLUND

"I guess the greatest match of my career was when I won the WWF title from Superstar Graham in Madison Square Garden back in 1978. I'll never forget the feeling of holding that belt high in the air for the first time and hearing the roar of the crowd. It sent chills up and down my spine."



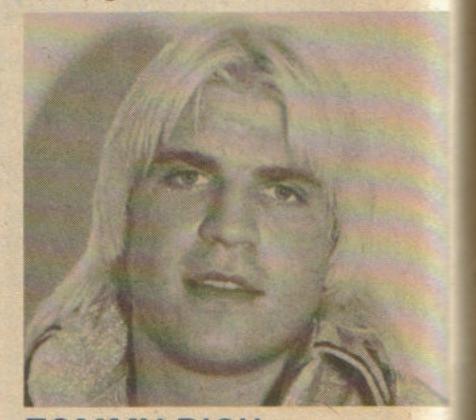
RICK STEAMBOAT

"A lot of matches come to mind. Of course, I think about the time I won various titles, and those always feel good. But there was one match when Harley Race held the NWA belt. Race and I wrestled to a draw after a full hour. That's a grueling pace. I wasn't too pleased with the outcome then, but looking back on it, it was one of my greatest matches."



HULK HOGAN

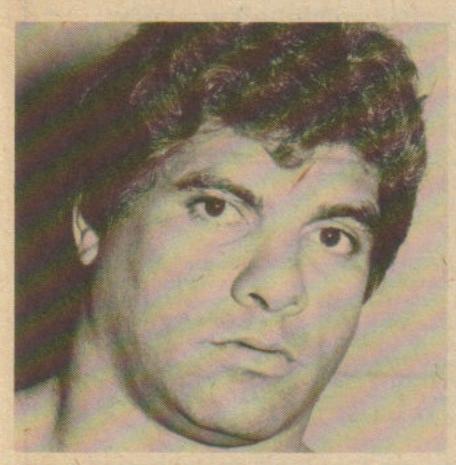
"I think that my match against Andre the Giant in New York at Shea Stadium was my greatest. You know it's not every day I have to look up at my opponent. Andre tested my abilities to the fullest and I enjoyed the challenge, but I liked it better when he was my tag team partner!"



TOMMY RICH

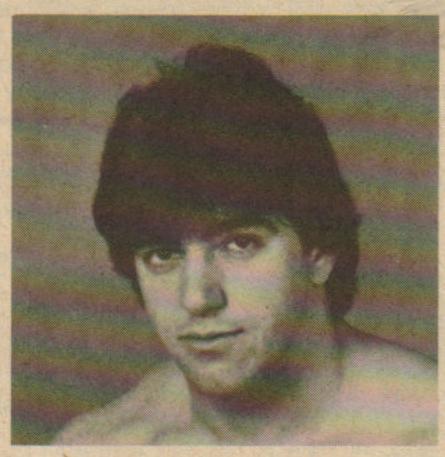
"No question, it had to be the night back in April of 1981 when I pinned Harley Race to win the NWA title. I may not have been able to hold on to the belt for as long as I had hoped, but I was an NWA champion, and there aren't many around who can say that."

RSVANSWER OF THE MONTH



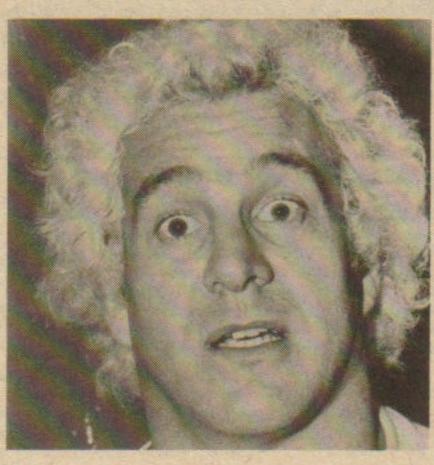
MAGNIFICENT MURACO

"I don't know, it seems every match I'm in is great. One of the best was when I whipped that sleazeball Pedro Morales and took the Intercontinental title away from him. Now that I'm back in the WWF, I want another shot at him because I deserve that title more than he does."



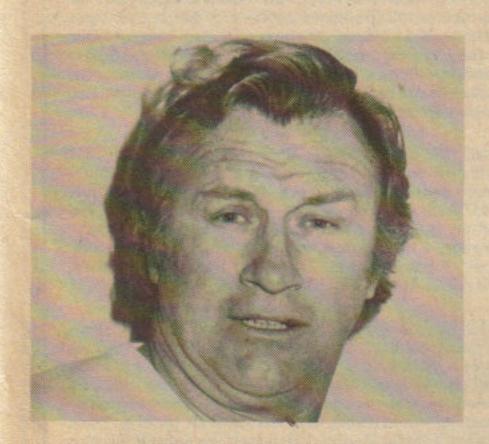
RICK MARTEL

"The greatest match I remember was when I was teamed up with Tony Garea and we regained our WWF tag team belts from The Moondogs. Let me tell you, a lot of teams underestimate those beasts, and we were one of them. But getting them back felt great, and it was one of the greatest moments for both Tony and me."



KEN PATERA

"It had to be the day I won the Missouri title a second time from that wimp Jack Brisco. What a match! I even remember the day: October 23, 1981. Everyone said I could never regain the title, that Brisco could not be beaten, but I proved everyone wrong."



NICK BOCKWINKEL

"There have been a lot of great matches during my career, but the greatest in recent months was when I took the belt back from Otto Wanz. After all, I knew it was a fluke that he had taken the title in the first place, but it was great to be able to prove it to everyone else, including the fans and Wanz himself."



JERRY LAWLER

"The biggest wimp in the world has got to be that guy Andy Kaufman. The stork that brought him should have been arrested for carrying dope, you know what I mean? I think the greatest thing that ever happened in my life was piledriving Kaufman twice and sending him to the hospital."



SWEET BROWN SUGAR

"I think the greatest match ever for me was when I wrestled Mil Mascaras. It was tremendous. We had a scientific match. It went the time limit and when it was all over Mascaras honored me by saying that I'm the man to continue the traditions he's been carrying on for so long. Mil Mascaras is a true gentleman."

RIC FLAIR MARIE OFF BEFORE I LET HARLEY RACE BECOME A SEVEN-TIME CHAMPION!

NWA champion Ric Flair doesn't want to lose his title to anyone, but he particularly wants to keep the belt away from Harley Race. Flair is a man of determination and pride, and he is not about to let another wrestler use him as a steppingstone to the wrestling record books

By Stu Saks

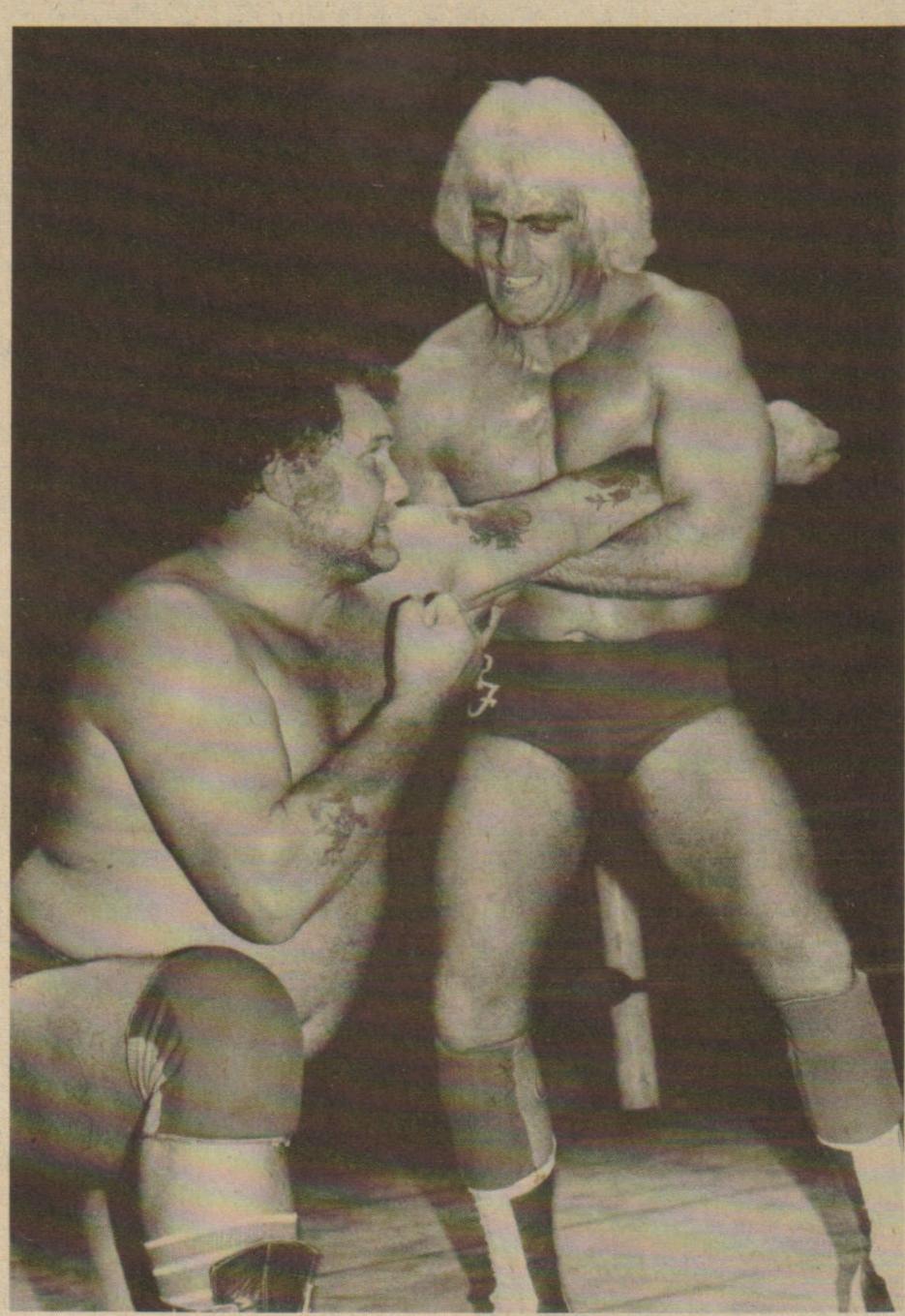
It is a rare opportunity when a wrestling journalist is able to have the NWA heavyweight champion to himself without any other media members around. I was lucky enough to have dinner recently with Ric Flair when he stopped over in New York City en route to Japan.

We sat down at a table in one of the city's swankiest steak houses. "The filet mignon here is superb," Flair told me as I studied the menu, "and don't worry about the price; the meal is on me."

Flair's skills as a wrestler in the ring are only surpassed by his graciousness out of the ring.

Luckily, I anticipated the possibility of not wanting to take notes and brought a tape recorder with me. What follows is a partial transcript of my dinner conversation with Flair.

- Q: You flew into New York this afternoon and you leave for Japan tonight?
- A: That's right, Stu, it's a pretty hectic schedule.
- Q: Is it like this all the time for you?
- A: Just about. You see, everyone wants a shot at the champion, that's a fact of life. Someone in Georgia wants a title shot, someone in Missouri wants a title shot, someone in Ohio wants a title shot, and someone in Japan wants a title shot. I don't want to build up a reputation for dodging anyone who wants to wrestle for the belt, so I try to accommodate as many challengers as I can. It makes



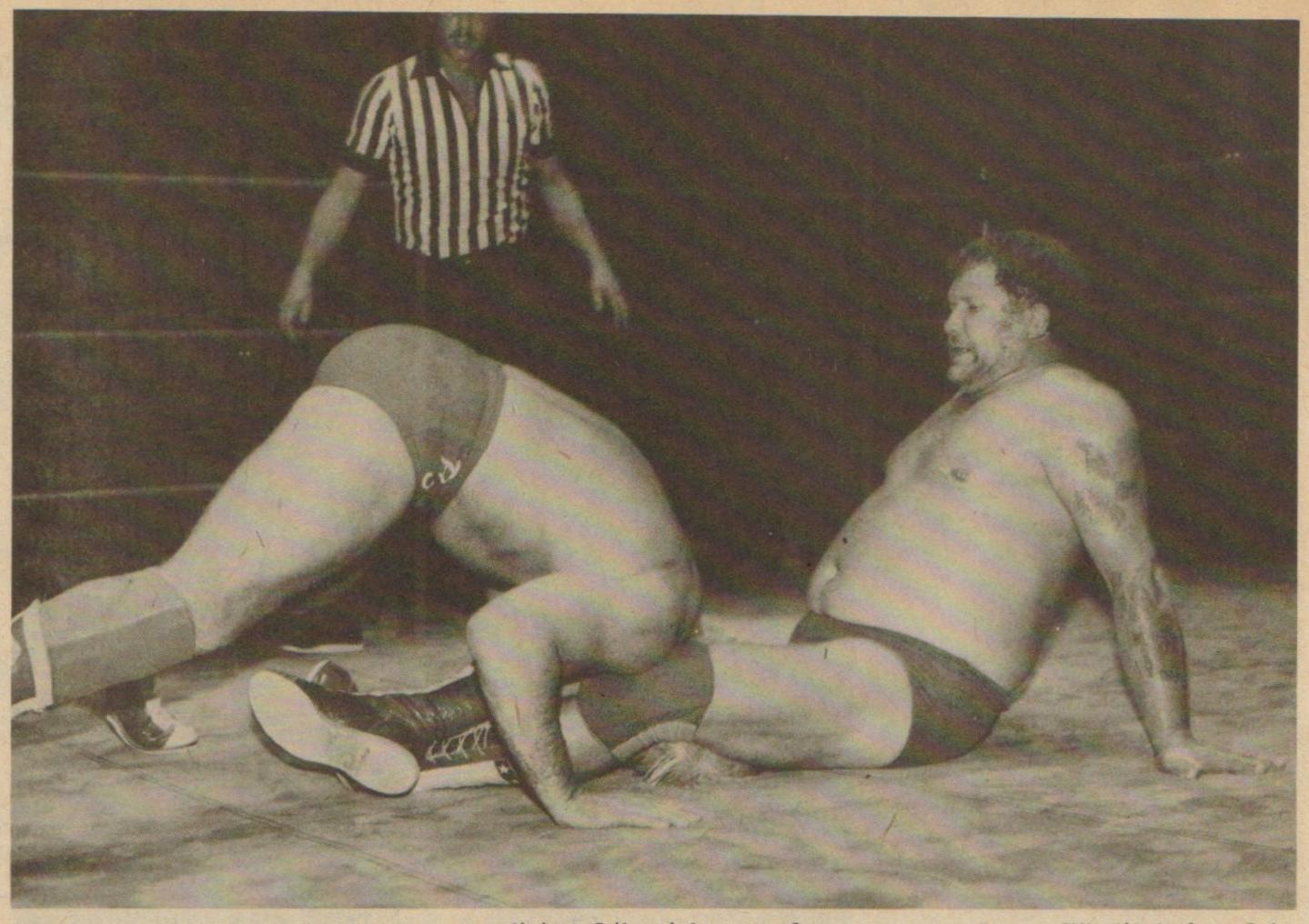
As determined as Harley Race is to go into the record books as the only seven-time NWA champion, Ric Flair is equally determined to prevent such an occurrence. Flair does not want to be remembered as the man who made Harley Race an immortal.

for a lot of travel, and it takes away from a personal life, but that's part of the A: price you pay for being champion.

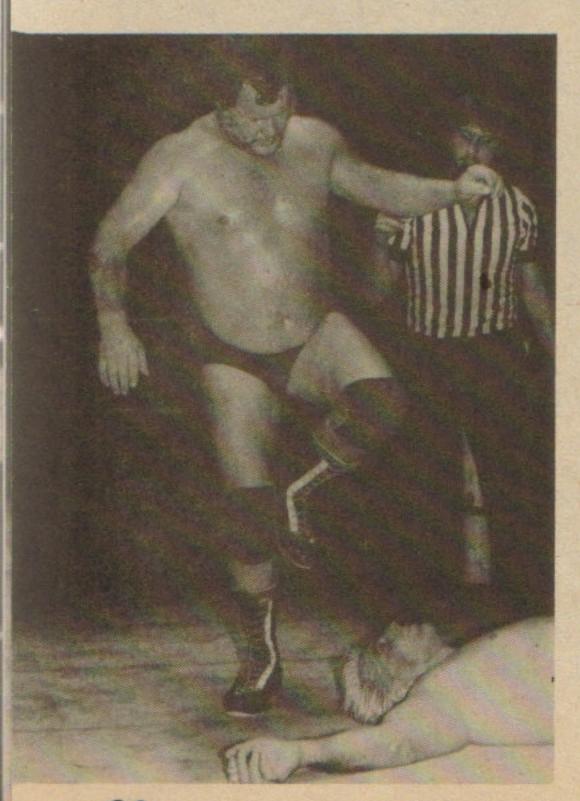
Q: It's interesting that you say that, because you have a

reputation for being quite a playboy.

I suppose I do, and this comes from the fact that when the rare time comes that I do have a day or two off, I like to spend it in the highest style of



Race ensnares Flair in an inescapable headscissors (above) and prepares to drop his knee across the champion's face (below). Many experts believe a seventh NWA title is Race's fate. Though Flair realizes he will eventually lose his title, he does not want to lose it to Race.



living. Like right now. I may only have a couple of hours between flights, but I'm eating in one of the finest restaurants in the country and enjoying myself as much as possible.

Q: You're coming off one of the toughest title matches of your career, correct?

A: You mean Race?

Q: Yes, your two-out-of-three falls match with Harley Race the other night in St. Louis.

A: I don't know if I would go so far as to say that was one of my toughest title matches, but I would say that Race wouldn't have come out looking so good if it wasn't for the time limit.

Q: What do you mean?

three falls match. Okay, Race won the first fall, I'll grant him that, he earned it. He wrestled hard for that fall. But I'll be damned if he's going to put my name in the record book in the loss

column. I'll die before I let Harley Race become a seventime champion. So I wrestled like mad in that second fall, and I would have won that fall if it hadn't been for the fact that the time limit ran out on me. Then the third fall would have meant the match, and I sure as hell wouldn't have let Race take that fall.

Q: You sound very upset about Harley Race.

A: Why shouldn't I be?

Q: Is it tougher for you to wrestle Harley Race because of his record of six NWA titles?

Let me just say this, Stu. If I lose the belt to Race, everyone is going to remember Ric Flair as the man who gave Harley Race his seventh NWA championship. They won't remember me as the man who has built up the impressive wrestling record that I have. I don't want to be remembered for my one

loss as champion, I want to be remembered for my hundreds of victories.

Q: You think a loss to Race would hurt your reputation?

A: In one way, no, because I know I'm going to lose the title someday. It has to happen, I can't hold on to the belt forever. But, by the

people will talk. Fans have very short memories, they only remember the things they want to remember. Race winning a seventh title is something everyone will remember, and I'm not going to be the one to give it to him, I'm not going to be

same token, if I lose it to Race

remembered as Ric Flair, the guy who gave Harley Race a red-carpet welcome into the record books. That'll happen over my dead body.

But you don't anticipate losing the title to anyone in the immediate future, do you?

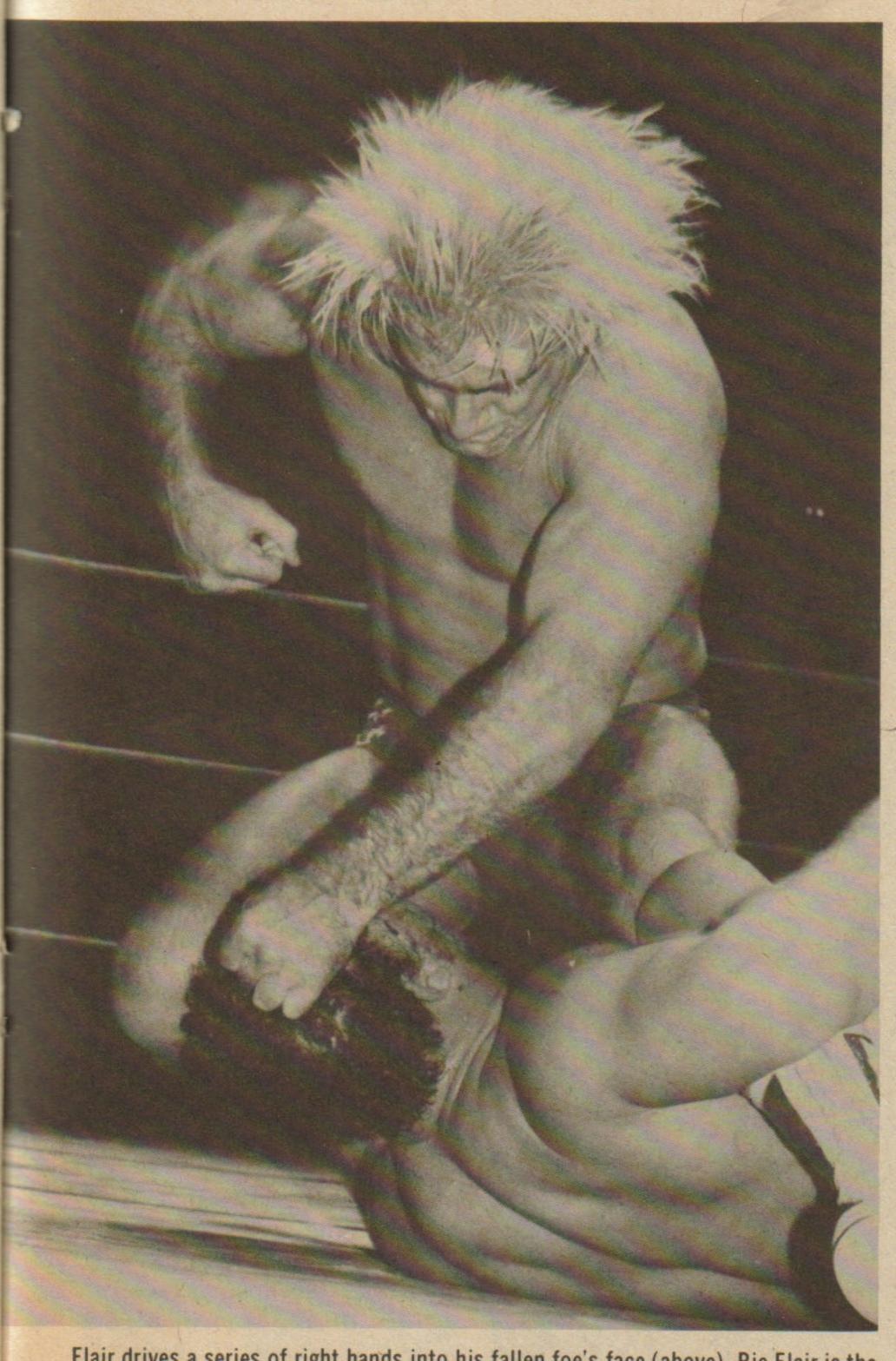
Now Stu, you ought to know me better than that. Of course I'm not going to lose the title. All the major competition in Atlanta has been wiped out, all the major competition in Florida . . . why, I even wrestled the WWF champion, Bob Backlund, and retained my belt. That's why I'm on my way to Japan, to see if



there who can provide me with enough of a challenge that I would consider the contest a championship match.

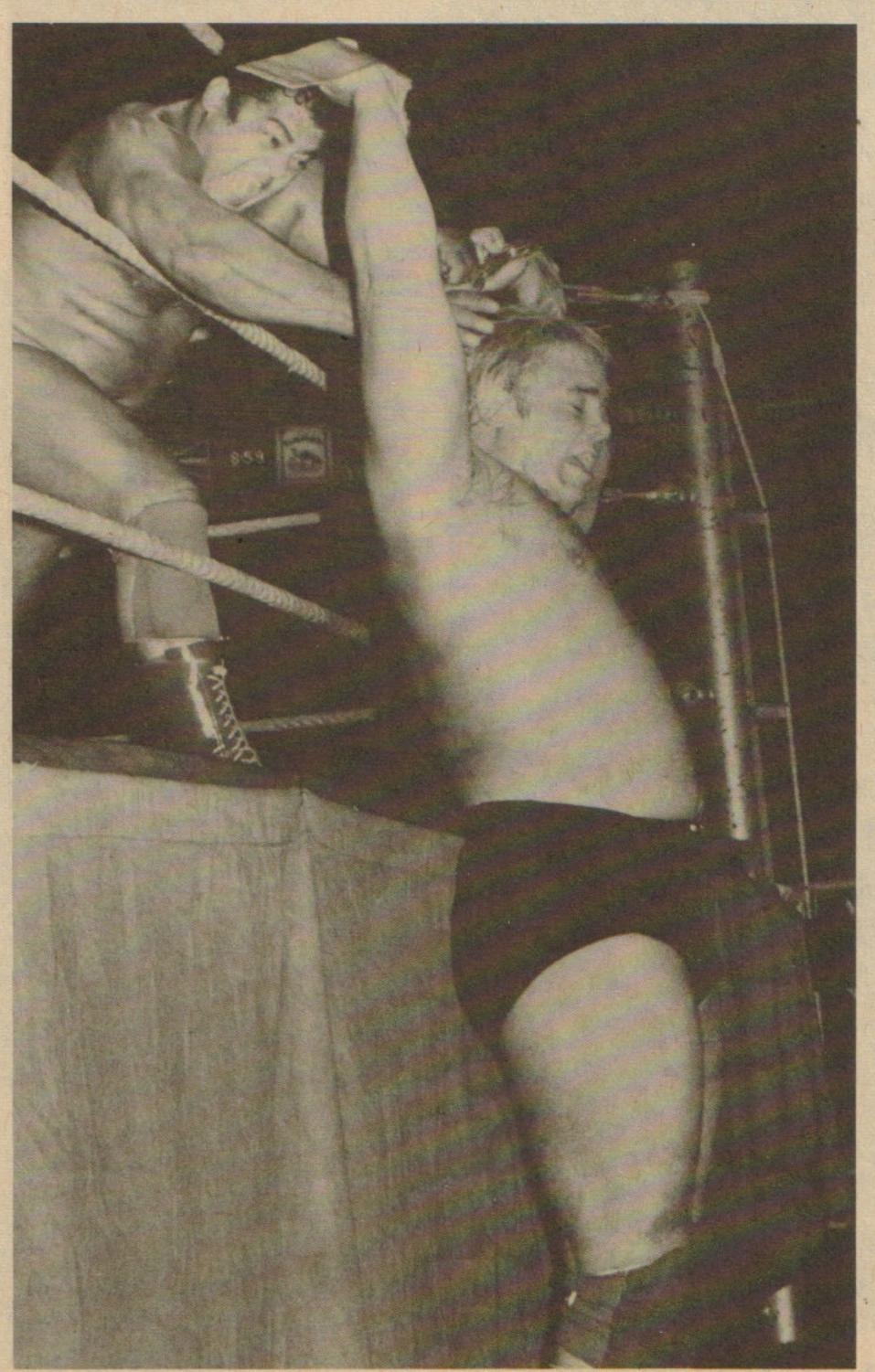
Q: Well, good luck, I know that there are some rugged wrestlers in Japan.

A: Thanks, Stu, I'll let you know how it turns out.



Flair drives a series of right hands into his fallen foe's face (above). Ric Flair is the winner in this match (top right), but by no means is this the last time he will have to face Race.

Pedro Morales vs. Buddy Rose: AN UNEXPECTED EXPLOSION ROCKS



Rose infuriates Morales by displaying the Intercontinental championship belt for the fans as if he were the winner. The match was a draw.

By Rich Countis

TWO MONTHS AGO, in the December issue of this magazine, I wrote an article entitled "Backlund Breezes By Buddy Rose: The Best Gets Better." In that article, I implied that Playboy Buddy Rose was unworthy of challenging Backlund for the WWF heavyweight title. I implied that Rose was the kind of wrestler any champion would like to have as a challenger.

I have to admit I was wrong.

When Buddy Rose went up against WWF Intercontinental champion Pedro Morales in Madison Square Garden the next month, there wasn't a single fan in the sold-out arena who was more surprised than I was.

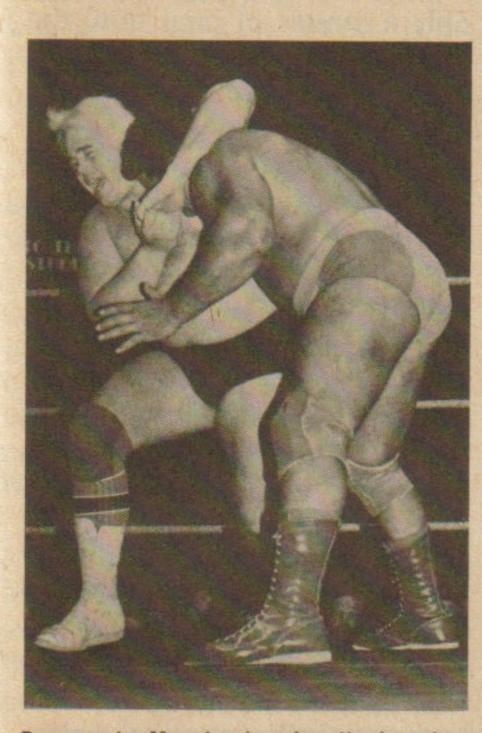
The match was slated for a 20-minute time limit. As Rose entered the ring with his entourage, everyone brought out the catcalls. They all expected Morales to defeat Rose with only a minimum of trouble.

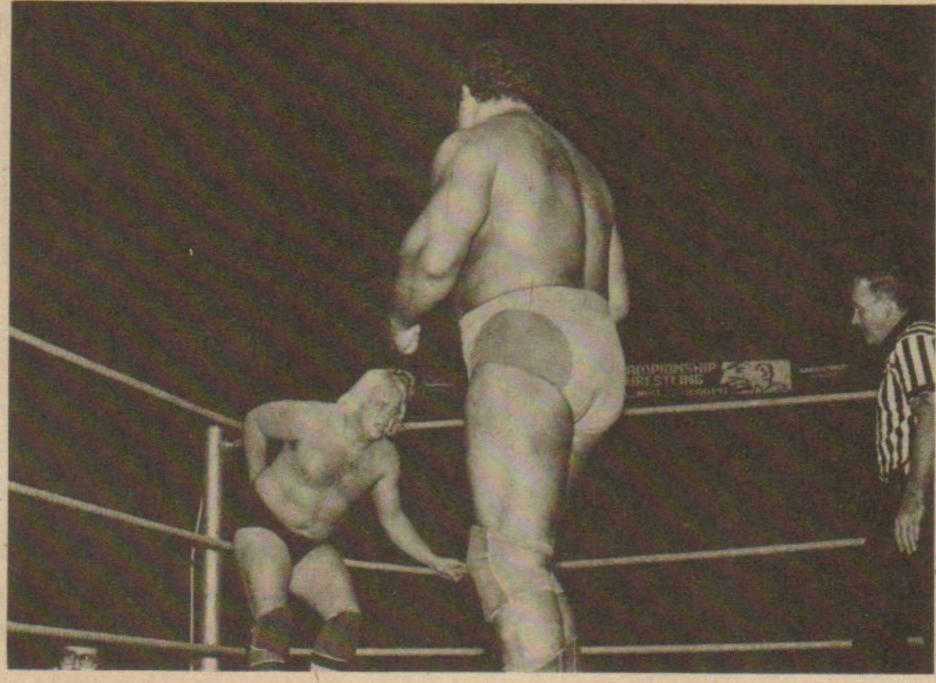
What they didn't expect, and what I certainly didn't anticipate, was the fact that Rose would match Morales maneuver for maneuver, hold for hold. He might well be champion today had the time limit not expired.

"What do people think, that I am a man who does not keep my word?" Rose asked in a postmatch interview. I won the match, I proved to the people and especially to Morales that

Many fans and media members underestimate Playboy Buddy Rose. Clearly, one person who underestimated him the most was WWF Intercontinental champion Pedro Morales. And it almost cost him his title

THE GARDEN PHOTOS BY CRAIG PETERS





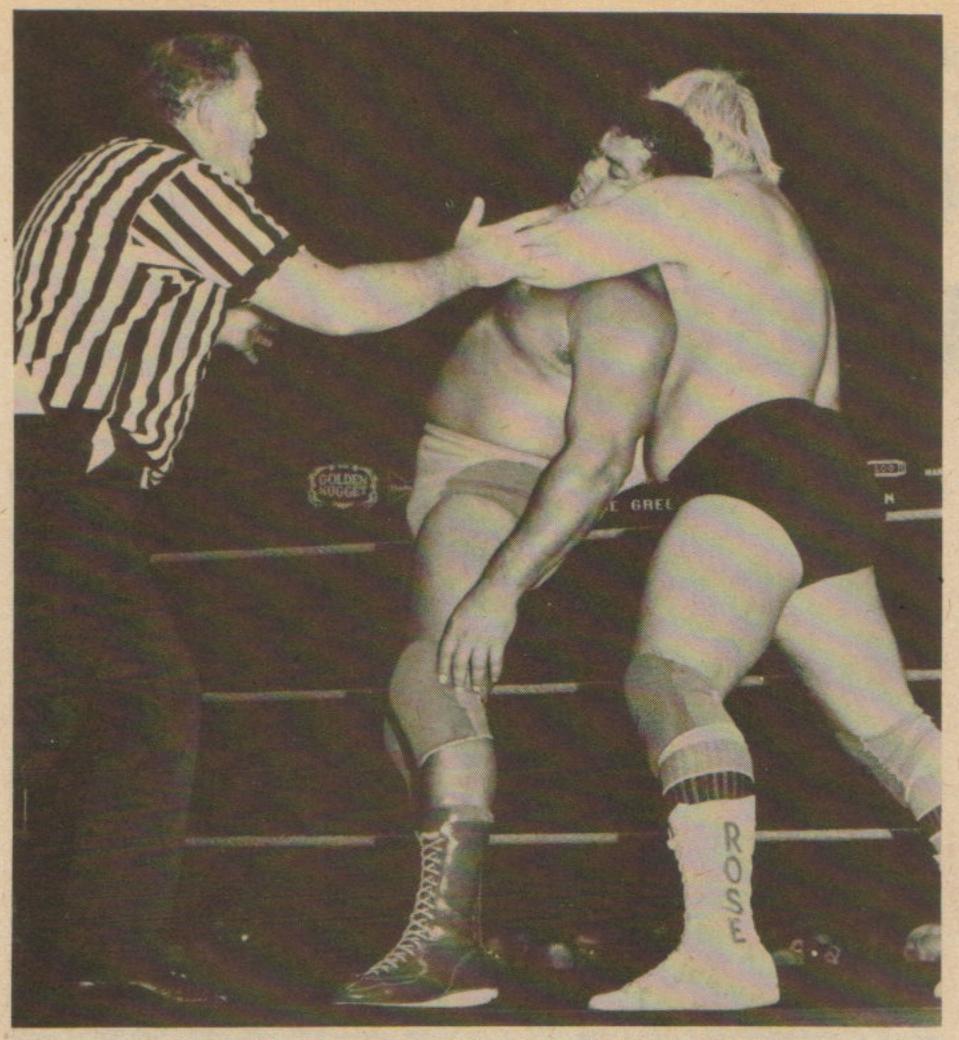
Rose grabs Morales in a headlock and runs him facefirst into the turnbuckles (above left). The Playboy plays possum in the corner (above right), hoping the champion will move in. Morales unleashes a series of overhand lefts (below).



Playboy Buddy Rose is a man to be treated with respect, and I will gain the title in my next attempt, that's all there is to it."

The match opened with tests of strength, which Rose concluded when he placed the champion in a side headlock. Morales broke Rose's hold and catapulted the challenger into the turnbuckles, doing some considerable damage to Rose's back in the process. Morales followed up with some closedfist smashes to Rose's head, and it looked as if the challenger would fall to defeat.

But as quickly as Pedro gained his advantage, he lost it back to Rose. Rose caught Morales in a sleeperhold, a tactic he had not yet used in the WWF, and the champion soon felt the strength drain from his legs. This enabled Rose to place a strong side



Rose continually surprised Morales with unexpected holds and maneuvers. The Playboy weakens the champion with a sleeperhold (above) before lowering him to the canvas and applying a powerful headlock (below).

headlock on Morales and maintain it for several minutes.

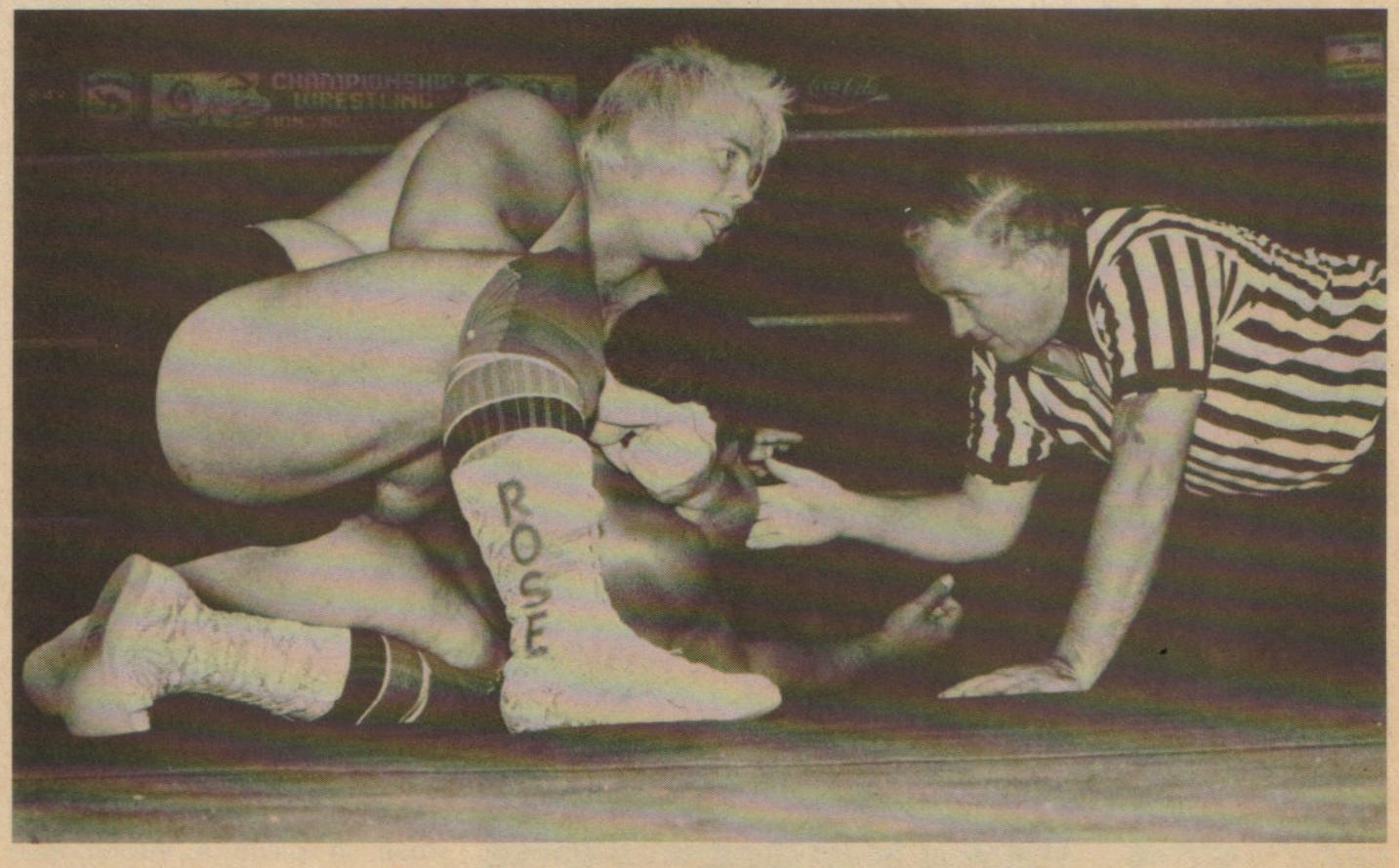
Occasionally, Rose would relinquish the hold and throw Morales to the mat, pinning his shoulders to the canvas for a 2½ count. But Morales always kicked out before the crucial third slam of the referee's hand.

Rose must have achieved over a dozen $2\frac{1}{2}$ counts on the champion, and it appeared to be only a matter of time until the title would be his.

Morales began to regain his energy and the pace of the match soon quickened. As their fury toward each other rose, Morales and Rose grappled like a pair of wildcats, eventually falling out of the ring.

Quick to capitalize on the situation, Rose alertly attacked Morales and bodyslammed him on the concrete floor. Stunned, Morales fell victim to yet a second bodyslam outside the ring, and Rose returned to the squared circle to avoid a countout.

But Morales was not about to be counted out, either.



Scrambling to his feet, the Intercontinental champion also made his way back to the ring, where once again the two combatants squared off for action.

Yet this phase of the match would not last very long. Rose was able to gain several more 2½ counts, but less than two minutes after both men reentered the ring, the time-keeper's bell marked the conclusion of the 20-minute match.

The bout was declared a draw.
Rose, however, felt that achieving a draw was equal to victory, and he picked up the Intercontinental belt and, turning his back on the ring, held it high for the fans to see.
Morales was not at all pleased with this desecration of his championship, and he attacked Rose from behind.

"That was real brave of Morales, wasn't it?" Rose later asked. "He's quite a brave guy to attack me from behind. Well let me tell you something, he's also quite a stupid guy. He signed for

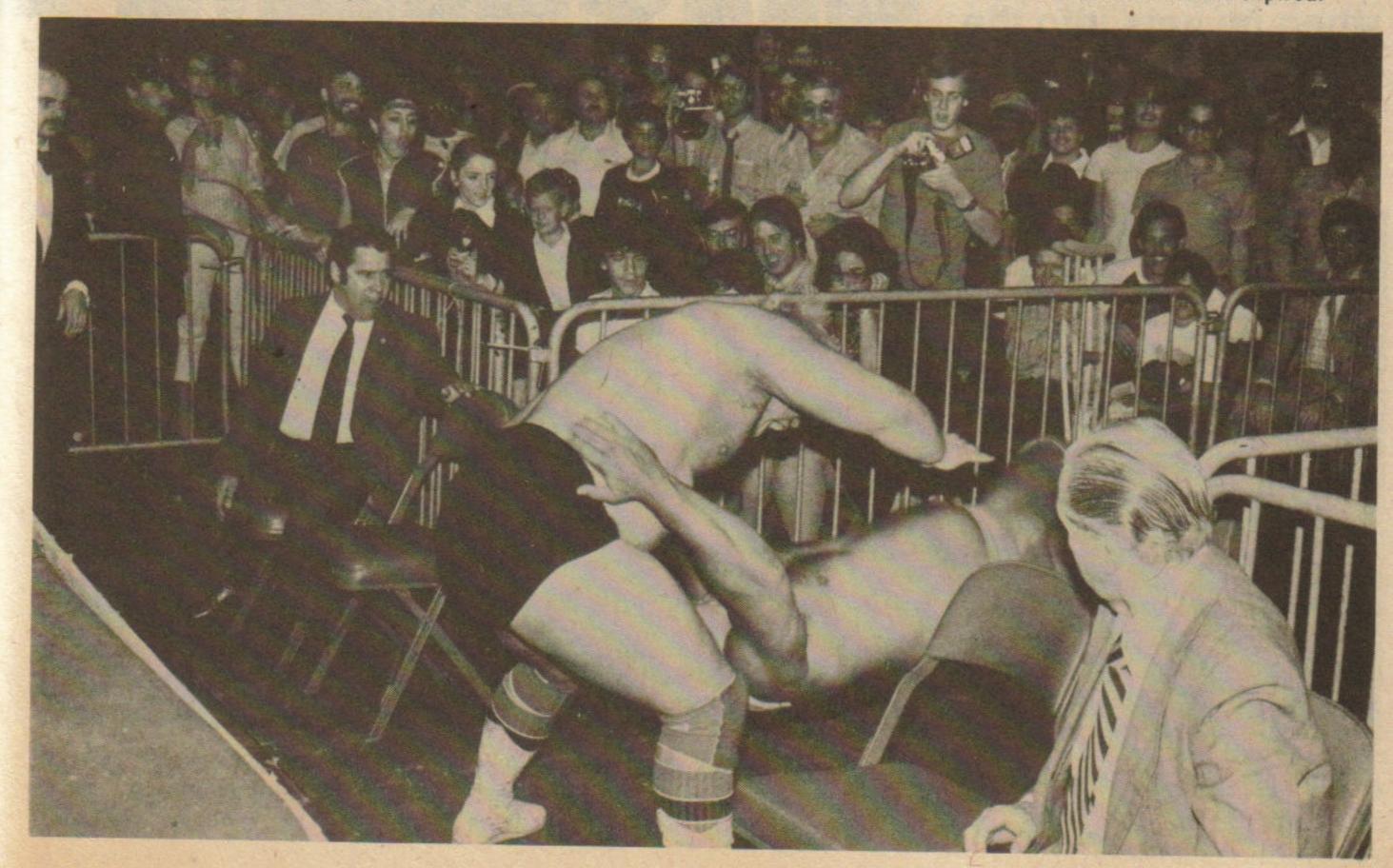
a rematch right after the match. It didn't take him more than five minutes back in the dressing room area to sign another contract for another match with me with no time limit, and that I assure you will be the biggest mistake Pedro Morales has made in his entire professional wrestling career."

Frankly, I never believed Playboy Buddy Rose could take Pedro Morales to the time limit, but he did. I suppose if he could achieve a draw with Morales, he could also defeat the champion in a no time-limit contest.

There may be a lot more to the man known as Playboy Buddy Rose than anyone suspects.



Morales lies on the Madison Square Garden floor after being flung through the ropes by his challenger (above). Rose follows Morales out of the ring and bodyslams him on the concrete floor (below). Moments later, the 20-minute time limit expired.



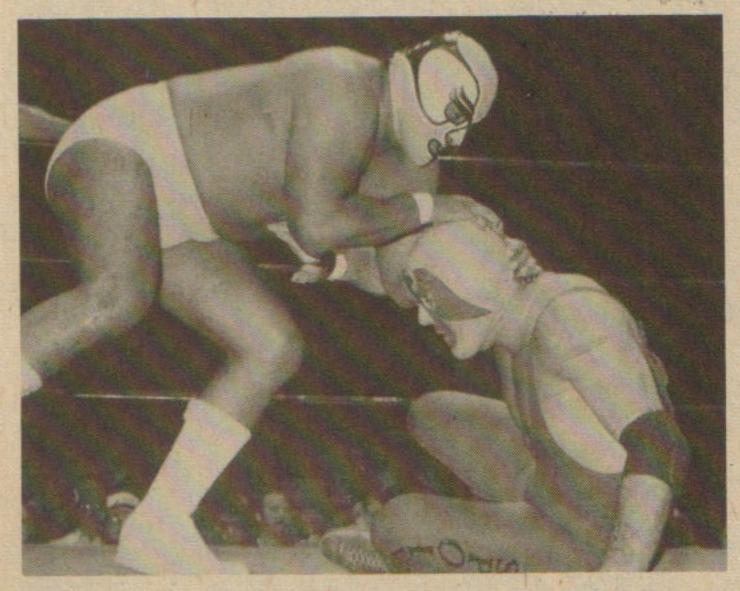


THE SPOILER NTHERE SHOULD BE NO

The mere mention of another masked wrestler brings Spoiler's blood to the boiling point. But when he gets into the

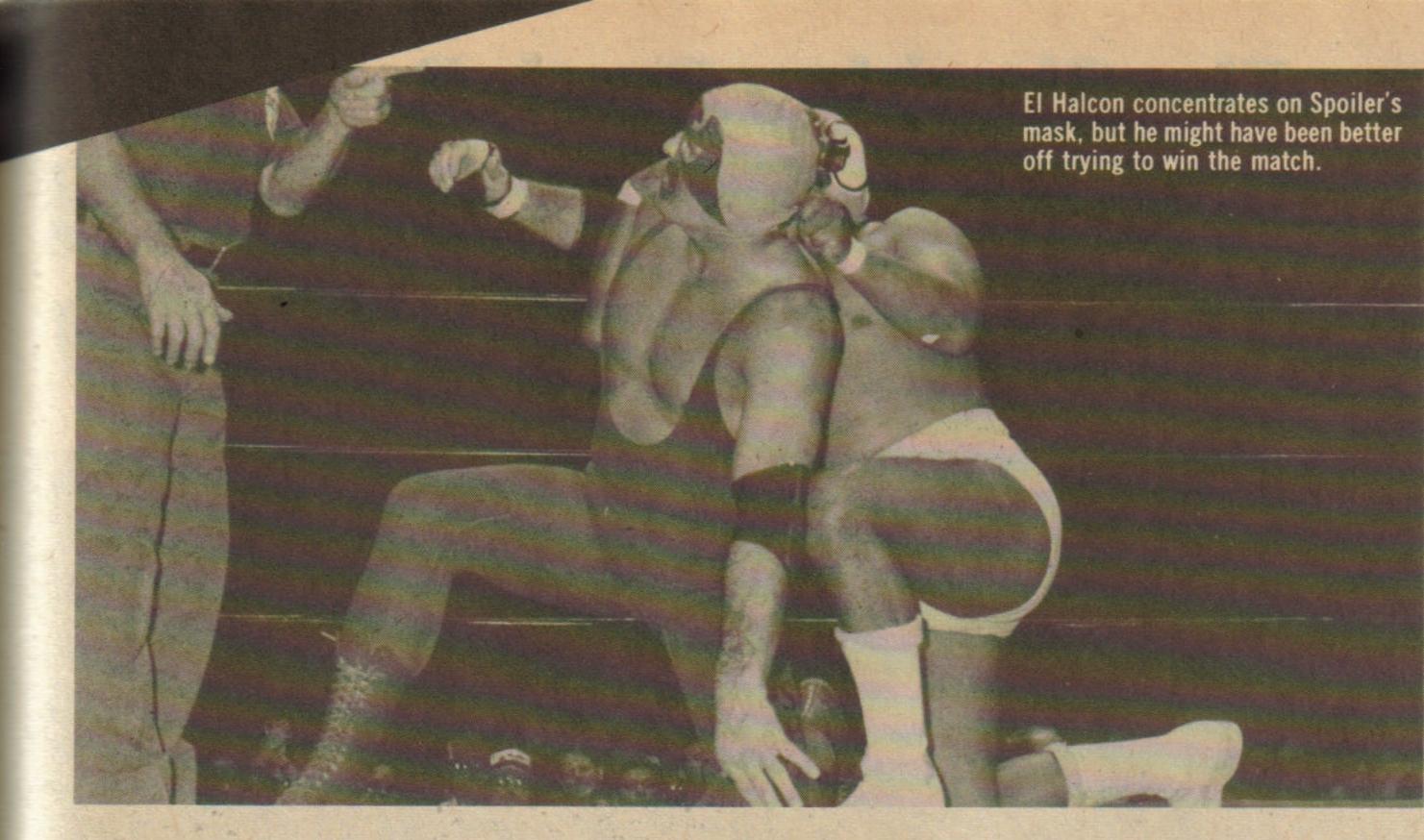
MASKED V EXCEPT FO

ring with one, he turns into a crazed animal. He feels there is only one man worthy of a mask, and he intends to run the "imposters" out of the sport





The Spoiler has made well known his feelings on other masked wrestlers, but it is El Halcon who is trying to remove Spoiler's mask (above left). Halcon hits Spoiler with a flying bodypress (above right).



RESTLERS RIE!"



Spoiler, the loose strings of his mask dangling, attacks Halcon with a chair outside the ring. Spoiler said he gets very upset when people confuse him with other masked wrestlers. He would like to destroy them all.

66 W HAT'S IT LIKE wearing a mask?"

Spoiler's black eyes glared from within their masked facade. His thin, cruel lips pursed, rough, coarse hands clenching into thick balls of resentment. Suddenly, his massive body relaxed from its inner tension, though a finger pulled at the lower part of the mask.

"That's typical of you idiotic reporters," Spoiler said, his voice edgy, yet quiet. He paused, scratching his masked chin and glancing up at the far wall. It was barren, chalky-white, paint peeling off and littering the frayed remains of the blue carpet. This was The Spoiler's personal locker room. This was as close to revealing his personal likes and dislikes as he permitted.

Except for two chairs, a clock and a battered cereal bowl, the room was empty. The tape recorder whirred, eerily consonant with the Spoiler's hoarse breaths.

"You guys pretend to cover a sport you know nothing about." His voice rolled, gaining anger. "A mask is a personal thing. It sets your character and marks you as a real man. What bugs me are the

(Continued on page 56)

The Shocking Truth Revealed_ THE MOST IN APARTMENT



FEARED WOMAN WRESTLING!



Diago lifts Vivian's right arm and directs her attack at her opponent's underarm, one of the most vulnerable areas of the human body (above). Mercilessly, Diago attacks from behind, ripping a clump of hair from Vivian's head (opposite left). A worried-looking Vivian struggles to free herself from her tormentor's muscular legs (top right). The spectator on the couch seems unfazed.



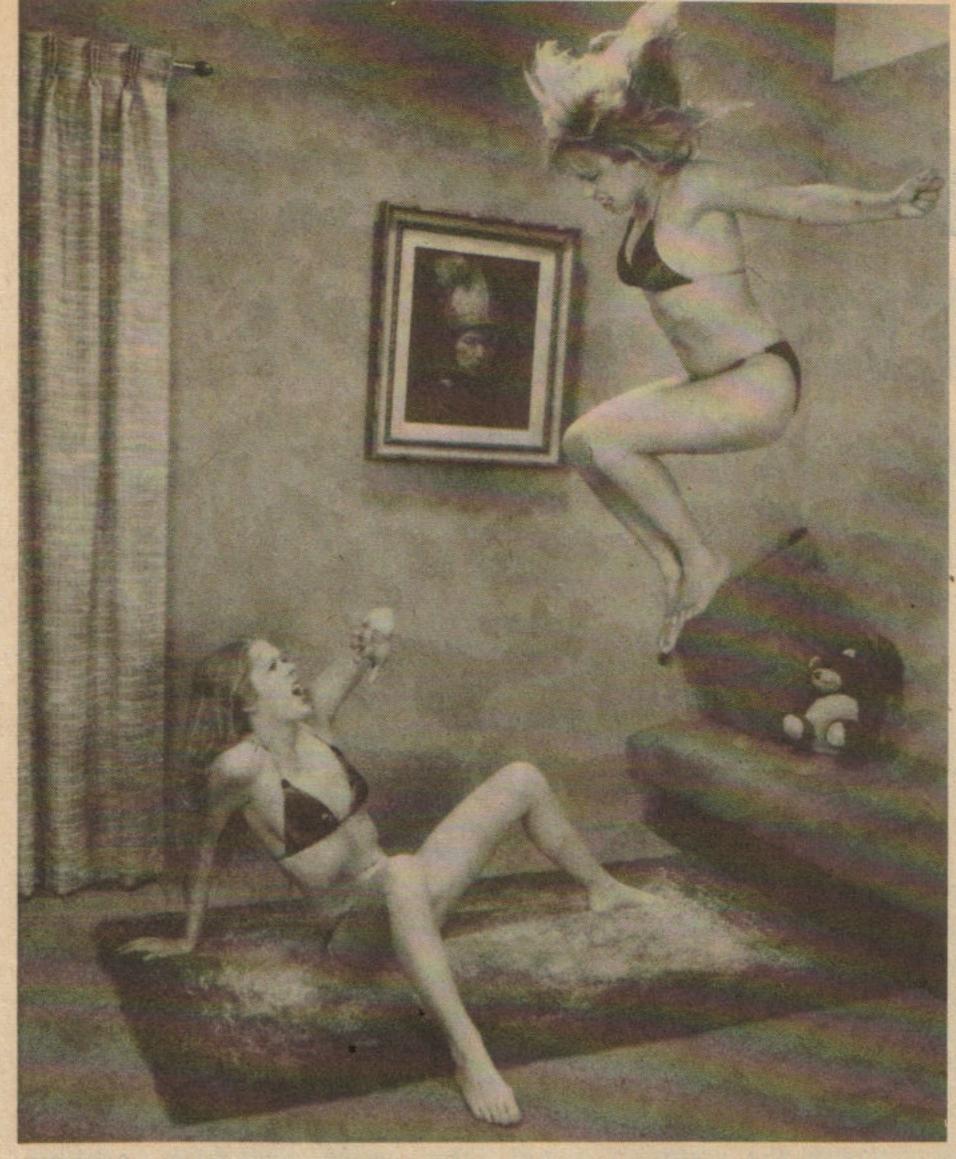
when truths seem to reveal themselves, frightening and full blown. There were seven men sitting around a table in a penthouse that also served as an after-hours club. They should have gone home long ago; each man knew he would pay for this the next day. The next day didn't seem to matter.

An elderly, elegant gentleman stared into his snifter of brandy and watched candlelight dance through the crystal. The men had been talking about an apartment wrestling match they

had just witnessed. It had been the most horrifying athletic spectacle any had ever seen.

The other men were looking to the elderly gentleman to sum up the whirlpool of emotions swirling within them. As a boy, he had seen catfights in France during World War I and had become fascinated by the unique sensations stirred by women in battle. During the Spanish Civil War, he stood in horrified wonder as the women camp followers from each side would tend the wounded and often engage in battles more

Once in a decade, perhaps even once in a lifetime, an apartment wrestler comes along who is so savage, so brutal, she immediately is set apart from the average competitor. Diago was one such woman. And Vivian was the unsuspecting vixen who attempted to cut her down



gifted, or even the most intelligent. She may not even win most of her matches; victory doesn't mean that much to her. Once, while I was living in Paris after the Great War, I met a woman much like Diago. She was the most feared woman in the fille de guerre held in the Rue de Malesherbe. Remember, these were women hardened by war, a bloodbath on a scale they would never be able to comprehend. Yes, this womanher name was Moutarde, I'll never forget-was the most fearsome of them all.

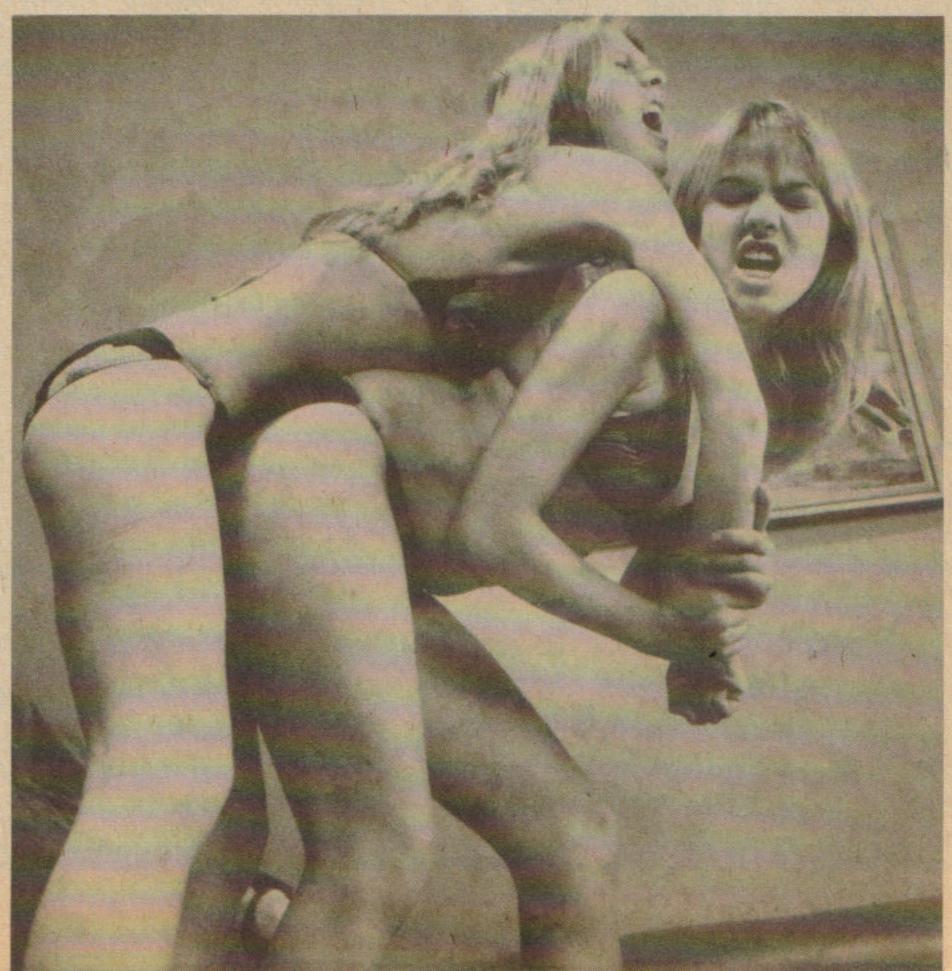
"Her gift—or her curse—was her ability to ignore pain. She was inhuman that way. Wrestling her, an opponent once told me, was like trying to battle a machine. Even if you beat her, there was no joy in victory. There was a sense she could not be truly beaten, and every opponent felt victory was simply a reprieve from the most frightening of defeats. Moutarde was a warrior throughout her very being; there was never a (Continued on page 58)

Diago's aerial attack has Vivian cowering in fear (above). In one of her few effective offensive efforts. Diago thrusts her derriere back into her opponent while stretching the pained blonde's arm against her shoulder (right).

furious than the one that had just occurred. If any man could give some reason to the apartment wrestling match they had witnessed, this gentleman could.

He took a sip of his brandy, devoting his full concentration to its taste. Then, with a sigh and the faintest smile, he announced, "Gentlemen, Diago is the most dangerous apartment wrestler we have ever seen.

"This is not to say she is the best, or the most naturally



THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

The stipulation of one fall was made to ensure that there would be a decisive victor in the contest.

Following the Strongbow's victory, Captain Lou Albano announced that he was stepping down as manager of the former champions. "They didn't listen to me at all in that match, they wanted to follow their own strategy, I told them what I wanted them to do, Saito didn't listen to me at all, and that's that. If they don't want to listen to the Captain, to the man who made them champions in the first place, then we'll see how good they do on their own. The hell with them."

The Strongbows, meanwhile, were jubilant as they strapped the belts around their waists.

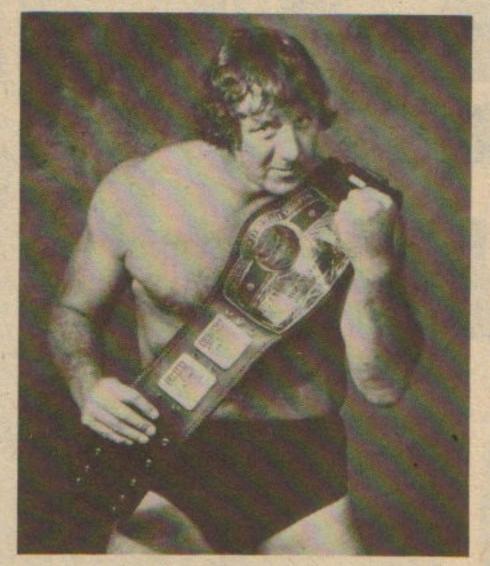
"This is the best thing to happen to us," said Chief Jay Strongbow. "We had the belts before, but were disgraced by the controversy surrounding the match. Now we have won the belts without any doubts. We have saved face. We can go home with our heads held high."

-Paul Dreiser

KANSAS CITY, MO— NWA headquarters here is in an uproar over the recent actions of Terry Funk. This former NWA heavyweight champion has had a replica of the NWA championship belt made and has sent the following letter to promoters around the world:

Dear Sirs,

This is to inform the promoters and the sports media throughout the world



NWA TITLE CLAIMANT TERRY FUNK

that I have been repeatedly denied a chance at the NWA heavyweight championship. I feel that I personally have been discriminated against due to my superior wrestling ability.

Moguls, millionaires, and conglomerate corporations of the profession have avoided my talent. I feel that Ric Flair is inferior to me in every way. Therefore, as of October 26, 1982, I am laying claim to the NWA title.

I am now taking bookings as the World heavyweight champion (claimant). If you wish dates, pictures, or tapes on such a talented person as myself, please contact me by phone or letter at my home or office.

Sincerely, Terry Funk

World Champion (claimant)
P.S. This includes Bockwinkel and Backlund.

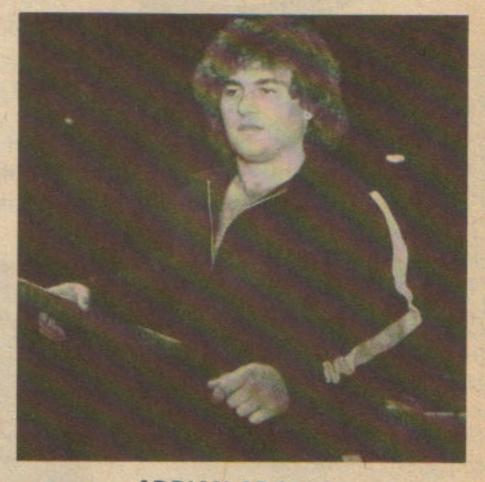
NWA officials are unsure as of press time as to how they will deal with Funk. One official was quoted as saying, "Funk is a madman, and a madman is not easy to control. We'll have to

think long and hard about this before we take any positive action."

-Buddy Ford

Shas been spotted in AWA arenas repeatedly substituting for Jesse Ventura in matches where Ventura had been scheduled to wrestle. This has sparked rumors that the former AWA tag team champions may soon be together again.

Adonis has been suspended from wrestling in the AWA, but a loophole in the regulations allows Adonis to wrestle as a substitute.



ADRIAN ADONIS

"I really couldn't care less whether or not Adonis and Ventura get together again," said Greg Gagne, who currently shares the AWA tag team championship with Jim Brunzell. "Let the AWA allow Adonis to wrestle normally or let him team up again with Ventura. It doesn't matter to us. They haven't got any chance of taking the belts. Jim and I aren't afraid of them at all."

Neither Adonis nor Ventura were available for comment.

-Charles F. Amberson □

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The Inquiring Reporter

(Continued from Page 18)



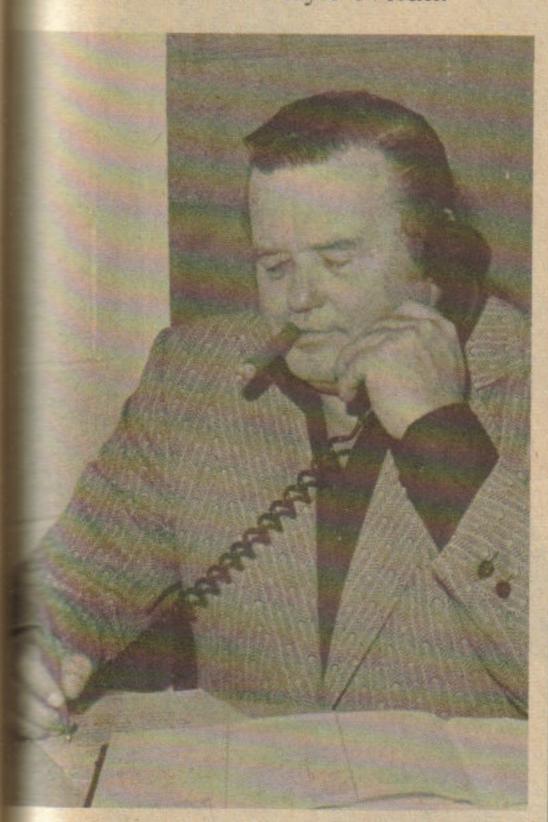
Sir Oliver Humperdink certainly makes himself useful to his wrestlers. After Jack Brisco is thrown from the ring by Paul Jones, the manager kicks the former NWA champion in the face.

Claude Roberts, Dayton, OH: "Most wrestlers who have a manager really don't need them. I don't understand why there are so many managers in wrestling. A man like Sir Oliver Humperdink doesn't help the men he manages at all; he's not doing a single thing to

improve their skills in the ring. A man like Bobby Heenan just causes trouble. And someone like Sonny King just stands there and watches while the men he supposedly manages wrestle. I think managers are useless."

John Arthman, Chattanooga, TN:

"Wrestling managers perform a valuable function to the men they manage, as long as they don't allow themselves to get too greedy. They give their wrestlers a viewpoint that nobody else would be able to give them because they observe them wrestling night after night after night. The manager is able to see trends in a man's wrestling that might indicate ways to improve that wrestler's style overall."



Arnold Skoaland spends several hours every day on the phone with promoters trying to arrange matches for Bob Backlund. Would the WWF champion have time to do this himself?

Oliver Manson, Miami: "I don't know if managers are really necessary to wrestling, but they bring a wrestler's expertise to the job of booking matches, training, financial handling, and the other countless details of maintaining a wrestler's career. Sure, there are other people who could handle those details, like outside bankers and accountants, but it's better if the person who handles all that has a knowledge of wrestling as well. Managers aren't absolutely necessary, but I think they make a lot of things a lot easier for most wrestlers who have them."

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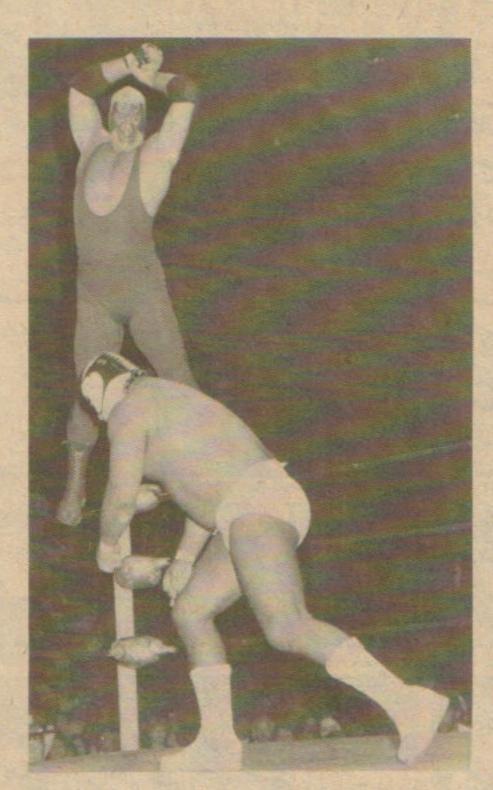
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THE SPOILER

(Continued from Page 43)



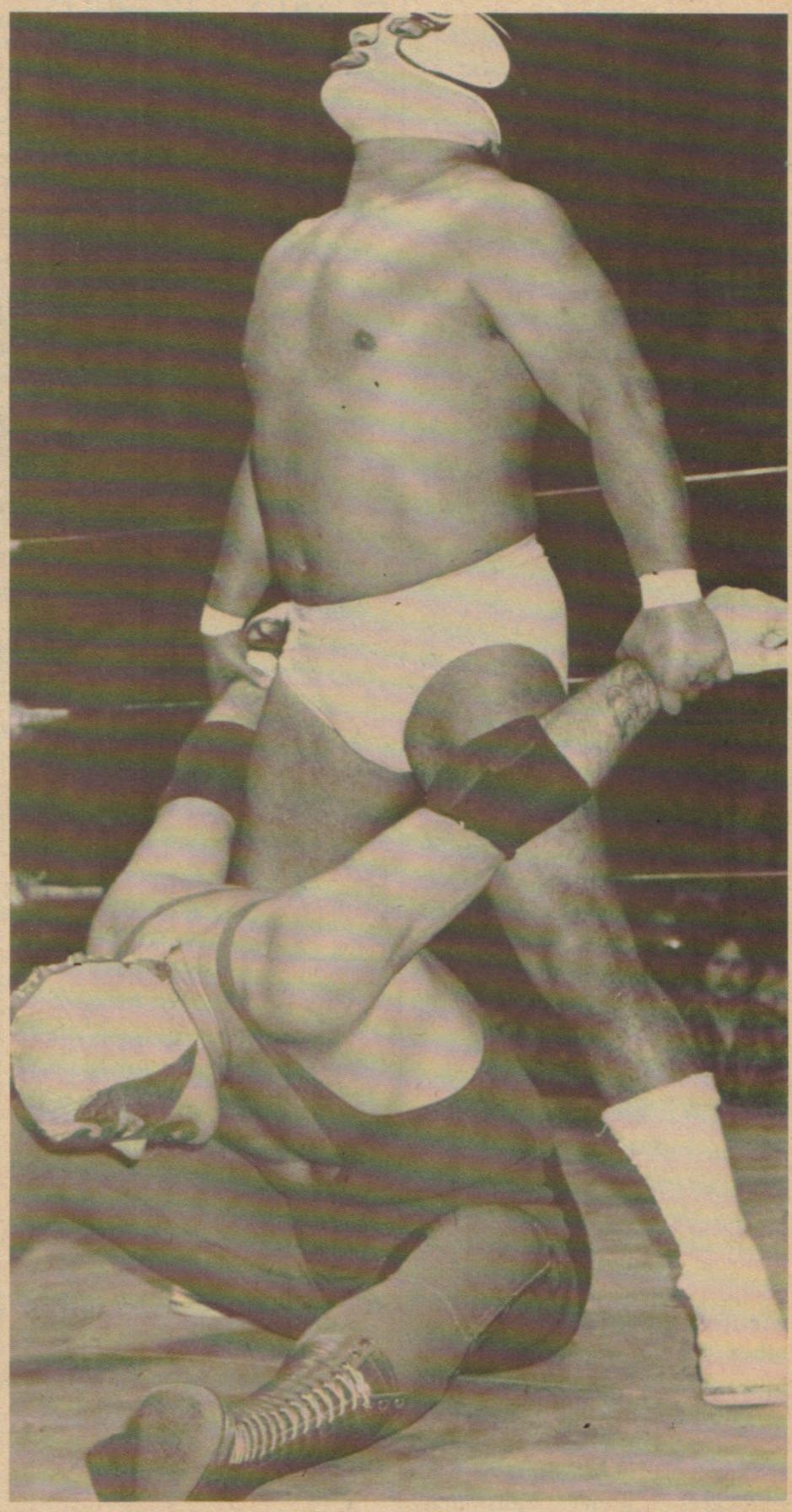
twerps who don masks, men who bring disgrace to the only real masked wrestlers around.

"Me. There should be no masked wrestlers except for me." Spoiler rose and paced crazily, his heavy breathing rumbling about the silent room. Whirling, Spoiler hurled his blackish glower in a mad arc, bouncing off the ceiling, the floor, a wall, finally resting, partly from exhaustion, partly from indecision, on the interviewer.

"Piddling minds may interpret this as egotism. Hardly," his voice lowered into a thoughtful whisper. "This was a logical process I followed. I use experience and perceptions. Allow me to show you the way."

Spoiler smiled humorlessly and sat down.

"I had the trying experience of wrestling some cretin named El Halcon," Spoiler said gently. "Perhaps he thought the mask would give him magical powers. You know, a magic wand turning a frog into a prince. In his case, he remained a frog. An awkward frog who couldn't turn on his hind legs, much less compete with me.



Spoiler takes aim at a staggering El Halcon from the top turnbuckle (above left). Halcon holds Spoiler in a painful crucifix (above). Despite Spoiler's feelings of superiority, Halcon certainly gave the more experienced wrestler a good battle.

"I spent the entire match chasing the untalented monkey around the ring. That was a waste of my spare time. I could have been doing other things, inventing something, perhaps," Spoiler said shrugging.

"El Halcon is typical of people who think they can be more than they are. Another example is Mil Mascaras, the man of a thousand brain cells. For the illiterate out there, surely the majority, the human brain has billions of brain cells. Mine a few more. You can appreciate how stupid Mascaras must be," Spoiler grinned viciously.

"I usually don't like wrestling masked wrestlers. Firstly, they're so jealous of me that they try and pull my mask off. I'd sooner die than allow that to happen," Spoiler said, hands clenching. "Then I must contend with their continued cheating.

"In a strange sense, it's my fault these things happen. I am untouchable in the ring. No one has ever defeated me fairly. Therefore, I drive these brutes into fits of frustration. They must find some way to stop me and, since they have IQs of 27, on the average, they cheat," Spoiler said, gesturing emphatically.

"This gets very disturbing. Fans confuse me with men like Mascaras, El Halcon, and Mr. Wrestling II. It's a horrible insult," Spoiler rose, his body quivering with rage. "How dare they confuse me with low-lifes. How dare they allow anyone to wear a mask.

. "I am the only true masked wrestler. This must stop. If I have to get rid of them myself, I will do it. I cannot allow the other masked wrestlers to stay alive." Spoiler grabbed his chair and hurled it against a wall. It crashed to the floor in a splintered heap.

"Now leave," Spoiler said, turning his back. The door closed quietly, the thud lost within the fiendish laughter bouncing off the naked walls in the empty room.



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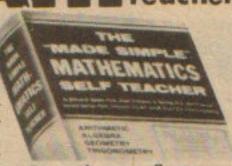
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 46)



Inspired by the cruelty of her opponent, Vivian reaches for Diago's windpipe. For a few moments it looked as if the gorgeous blonde underdog could overcome the savagery that has made Diago one of the most feared apartment wrestlers.

moment of rest or gentleness with her. A friend of mine lived with her for almost a year; yes, we did things like that in Paris during the '20s. At the end of that year, he went to Switzerland. I never knew why he went and never saw him again.

"I heard about Moutarde again when I was in Paris with American Intelligence during the spring of 1945. Through an acquaintance of a friend, we heard how Moutarde met her death. She was shot in the back by a Nazi soldier. This isn't a Nazi torture story, however. She was shot while in the process of killing a German soldier with her bare hands. With her teeth, she had torn out the soldier's throat.

"I find myself remembering Moutarde when I watch Diago wrestle. I know that in the horrible circumstance, she too could rip out a man's throat with her teeth.

"It's strange that the two women look so little alike. Moutarde had the body and fullness of a peasant. She was enticing rather than attractive. Diago is conventionally pretty; at moments she is beautiful. Her blonde hair hangs lank about her face, making it rounder and harsher. I don't think she does this on purpose—her appearance is of no concern to her whatsoever. Physically, she has mean features.

"Gentleman, we are here tonight because we need the sense of a common humanity. Diago is what we fear within ourselves and within others; she is the ferocity of human cruelty brought to the surface. She is the beast within us unloosed, and there is no more terrifying sight in the world. I have lived a long and full life, and I have only hated a few people. I hate Diago."

As he said it, each man at the table knew he too hated this woman. It was apartment wrestling on a whole new plane: Usually, these women aroused

(Continued on page 62)

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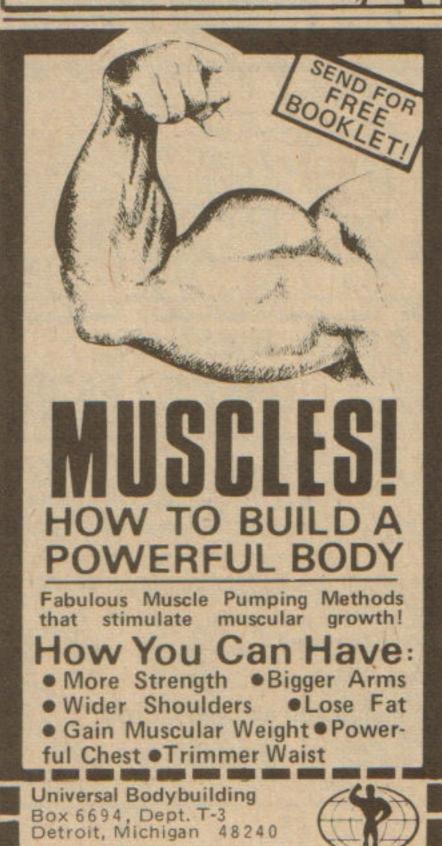


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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 58)

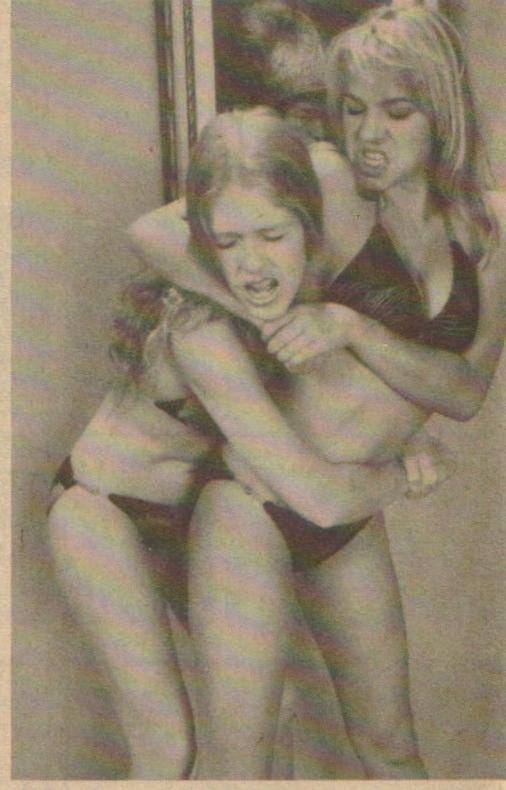
sensations, not emotions. She scared them with her ferocity, her unlimited fury, because she was the ugliness inherent in the human spirit. To find that ugliness in a woman is even more frightening. They hated her, and were disturbed by their hatred.

The city was beginning to awaken when the men left the club. A policeman walking by did his best to ignore them. (What he didn't know wouldn't interfere with the presents the management of the illegally operated club gave him.) The men bid each other farewell and went home to shower before going to work. Though they hated Diago, they were all fascinated by her. When she next wrestled, they would be there, afraid of what they might see and awed by the spectacle.

It was another month before Diago got her next match. Few women dared to wrestle her, for each match was an ordeal. Eventually, a wrestler named Vivian asked for the chance. A woman determined to make a name for herself in the sport, she knew the best way to do this was to wrestle Diago. She also knew that the best way is never the easy way.

Vivian resembled Diago, except she was slimmer and her long blonde hair fell in waves down her back. She looked innocent, but she had lived hard enough to know that ambition was an addiction that had to be satisfied at all costs. She knew wrestling Diago was about as costly as any ambition could get.

The night of the match, the two women stood proud and tall in opposite corners of the penthouse living room. They each wore similar bikinis, making their physical likeness



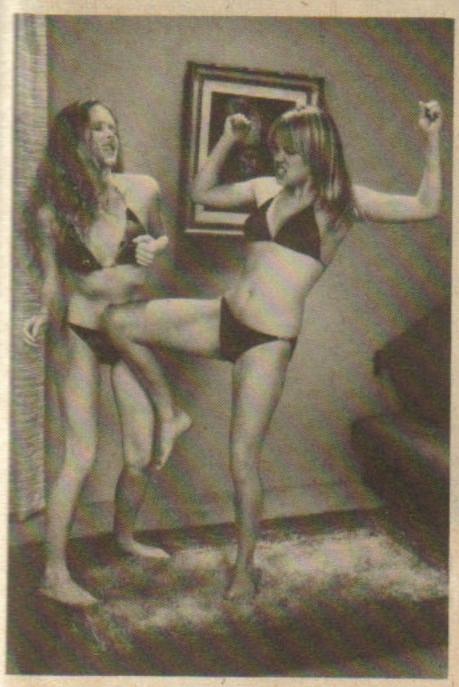
Diago saps Vivian's energy with a stranglehold but will not allow her foe to slump to the floor (above). When the blonde voluntarily releases her grip and Vivian now stubbornly refuses to drop, Diago drives a knee into the helpless woman's midsection (opposite right).

even more striking. Yet, the difference was just as striking, the difference between ambition and experience. Vivian was looking forward to something special. Diago was anticipating something she knew only too well, something not special but necessary.

The signal to begin was given. Like a cobra striking, Diago lashed out at her foe. After a swirl of arms, Vivian fell to the carpet. A foot lashed into the fallen woman's belly. Vivian instinctively contracted her body, but couldn't protect herself from the painful attack.

Yet the blonde hadn't come all this way to be humiliated. Her hands grabbed Diago's ankles and pulled. Helplessly, Diago fell crashing to the carpet. Her head cracked against the floor. For an instant, she had to struggle to remain conscious. It was a struggle she couldn't afford to lose.

Both women had been bruised. They moved to opposite sides of the room to nurse their wounds. It only took a few seconds to marshal the concentration that would eliminate the pain. They were ready to begin again. This time, they would war with ferocity spurred by vengeance.



Again, it was Diago who struck first. Starting slowly but speeding up as she came nearer her foe, the feared blonde Amazon barreled her shoulder hard into Vivian's belly. With a ferocious physical genius, Diago wrapped her arms around her foe's waist and raised the victim high in the air. Vivian's face betrayed her terror and then her agony. Diago's incredible strength made it feel as if iron bands were encircling Vivian's waist. Strangled gasps escaped Vivian's lips as the pain grew ever more painful.

The victim's writhings saved her. The convulsive shuddering forced Diago to stumble across the carpet, trying to keep the squirming victim in her grasp.

(Continued on page 64)

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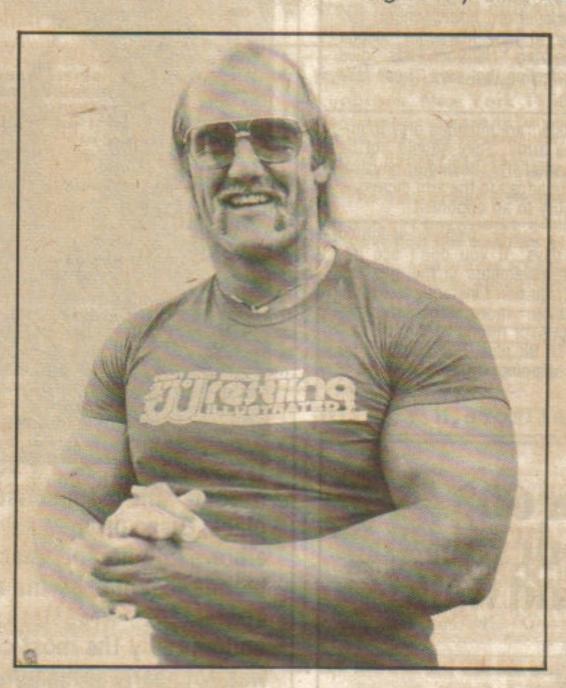
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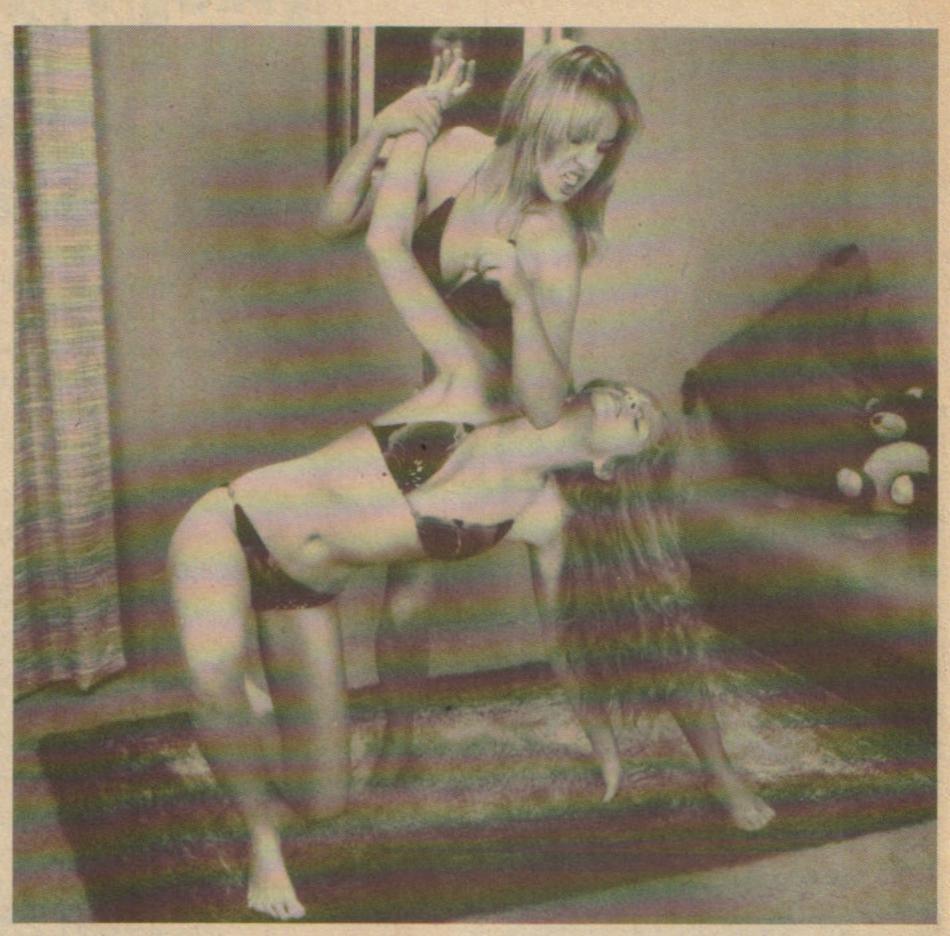
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 63)



Holding the semiconscious Vivian in place, Diago drives a savage series of left elbows into her foe's neck. The barbarous blonde may not be the most talented of apartment wrestlers, but she is undoubtedly the most cruel. The victory was not nearly as meaningful to her as the agony she inflicted on her opponent.

Not being able to see where she was careening, Diago never saw the spectator sitting in the oversized chair. When he realized the women were indeed going to crash into him, he tried to get up. Half-standing, he couldn't escape. The pair crashed into him, all falling down. When the trio disentangled, Vivian was free.

The weakened blonde appeared to be retreating, but after taking two steps backward, she attacked. Vivian's head smacked hard into Diago's waist. The victim doubled over and flipped through the air.

Diago came down hard on her back. A convulsive spasm revealed her intense pain.

Vivian was on her in an instant. Trying to smother her foe, she fell with her full weight on top of Diago. Vivian wrapped her hands and legs around her victim, attempting to crush the energy out. For a long moment, it looked like Vivian would succeed.

Then, Vivian's movements grew erratic and horrifying. No one could see, what was happening, but the woman was in intense pain. Her cries echoed throughout the penthouse; the expression on her face twisted horribly into a hideous mask of agony. Sandwiched between the two women's bodies were Diago's hands. What they were doing to the torso of Vivian was too terrifying for anyone to contemplate.

It was a brutal exhibition of

wrestling savagery. Vivian's body buckled and twisted in a hopeless attempt to escape her ordeal. Hidden from view, Diago's fingers were clawing at Vivian's flesh, expertly tearing where it hurt most. There was a primitive cunning in her movements, the same instinct that drives a lioness to kill.

Suddenly, Vivian's body flopped hard onto the carpet. Her moans were now loud and desperate. She struggled to her knees, trying somehow to get away, to escape her certain doom.

Flexing the fingers that did all the damage, Diago approached her victim. With a sureness that was as shocking as it was effective, Diago leaped on her foe's back, her knees smashing hard into Vivian's spine. The blonde victim splattered on the carpet, her face hitting hard on the floor.

Diago wasn't finished. With a twist of her hand, she grabbed Vivian's hair and jerked back the woman's head. Then, using her hair as a handle, Diago slammed Vivian's face once again into the carpet. The sickening crunch of bone into wood was muffled somewhat by the carpet, but the resulting thud was enough to make the strongest man wince. Tears streamed down Vivian's face as she sobbed quietly.

The match was over. Vivian lay where she fell, too pained to arise. Some men came over and carried her back to the bedroom. Others were too shaken to leave directly. Without waiting for applause or congratulations, Diago silently went to the bedroom, showered, dressed, and left.

Later that night, seven men drank until dawn at an afterhours club. They drank silently. There was nothing to say and everything was beyond understanding.







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